Vol. CXLIV. No. 1873.

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THE BYSTANDER November 8, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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London Nights : A Going-Out Guide

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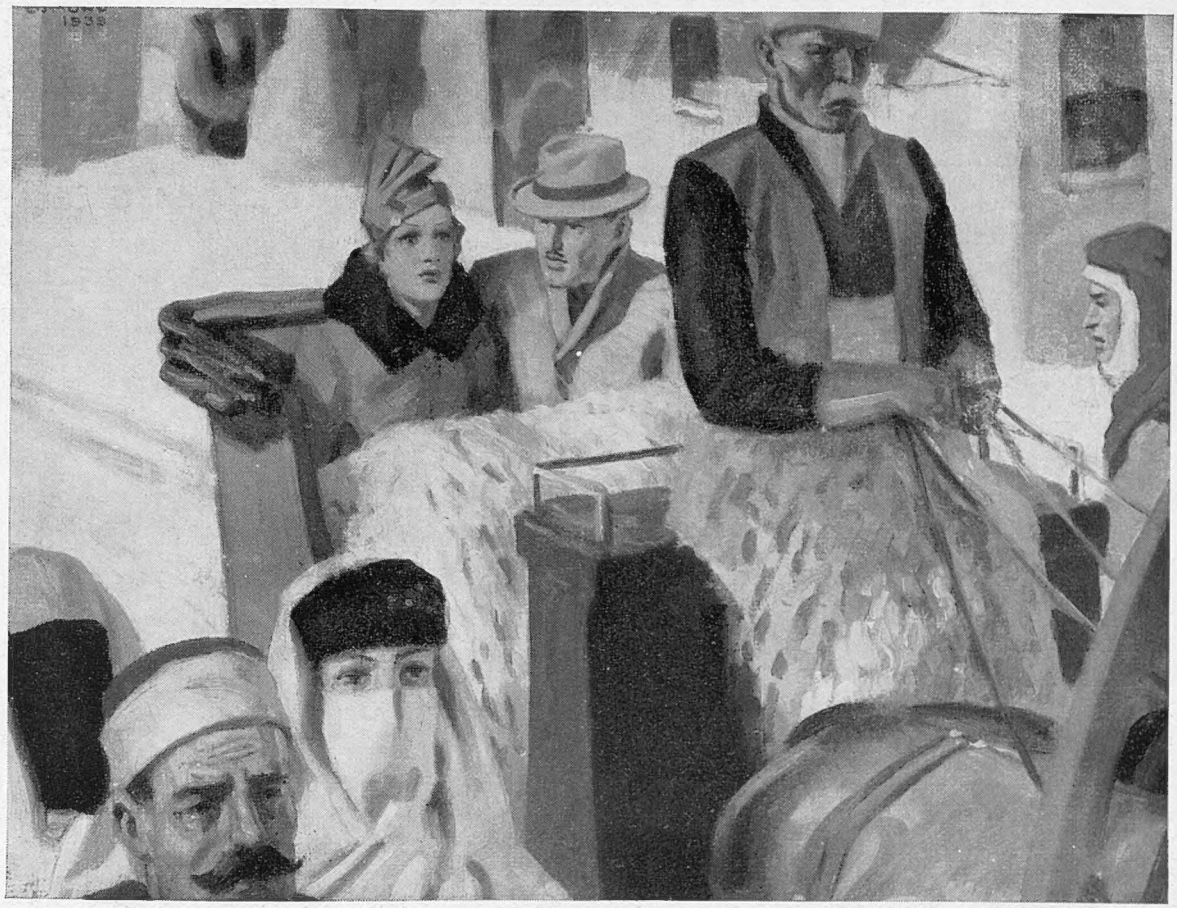
C A B A R E T

By ETHEL MANNIN



THE third-class coach was very hot and the seats very hard, and there was an almost overpowering reek of garlic. The coach was like a cattle-truck, painted a dirty yellow and divided into sections of benches and racks. Travelling third in the Balkans is very like travelling "hard" in Russia—in Russian Turkestan especially, for there is a similar conglomeration of races, Europe and the East most literally rubbing shoulders. The Englishman in the shabby camel-hair coat and even shabbier brown suède shoes was convinced that most of his fellow-travellers were bandits. They certainly looked it, with their long, fierce, upcurling moustaches, their lively black eyes, their swarthy skins, their bright, dirty clothes, baggy breeches, red embroidered skull-caps or fezes, gaudy cummerbunds, their sheepskin cloaks, their numerous scarves. He gazed morosely out at the seemingly endless succession of wild rocky mountains, endless wildernesses of stone; his companions nodded opposite him. He envied them their capacity to sleep at any time in any place. It had been four o'clock before they had got to bed that morning, and they had had to be on the train at eight. They would arrive at their destination at six this evening, and they "opened" at the bar at eleven o'clock. Between the time of their arrival and opening they had to find rooms, find the bar, rehearse. They would open after three hours' sleep and a ten-hour train journey. Well, it wouldn't be the first time, not by too many times to remember; sometimes they travelled all night and most of the following day, and opened that evening. The Englishman closed his eyes; the very thought of it made him weary at times. There were people who urged, it must be immensely interesting travelling about, earning your living whilst you travel.... *You will want to read all of this fine story in the November "Britannia & Eve."*

Here are a few of the entertaining features in the November "Britannia & Eve"

INSPIRATION
By Arthur Mills
In this exciting story we find a beautiful spy working in England, tracked down—by scent.

WOMEN IN WAR
By C. Patrick Thompson
This article describes the W.V.S., and the many well-known women connected with the organisation.

BRITAIN'S STRONGHOLD IN THE FAR EAST
By Jerome Willis
The story of Singapore—from tiny fishing village to mighty fortress, in just over a hundred years.

MAYFAIR MELODY
By Peter Cheyney
An amusing story of several bright young things in Mayfair, who attempt to fleece a stranger, who turns out to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

OLD TALES RE-TOLD
Fragments of Poland's History written and illustrated
By Fortunino Matania, R.I.
Once again the art of Fortunino Matania tears aside the veil of time and takes us back to outstanding events in Poland's early history.

HOME SECTION
Brilliant economy hints for the home, and clever recipes for rationed menus. How you can brighten your home decorations despite the black-out. Four good-looking, easy things you can knit for Winter wear.

FASHIONS
By Jean Burnup
Two pages of new Winter Models for all occasions.

MOTORING NOTES
By the Earl of Cardigan
Invaluable advice for black-out drivers, and the experts' view of the pros and cons of wartime car ownership.

For "Black-out" nights and shortening days, nothing is so entertaining as the Brilliant Magazine

BRITANNIA AND EVE

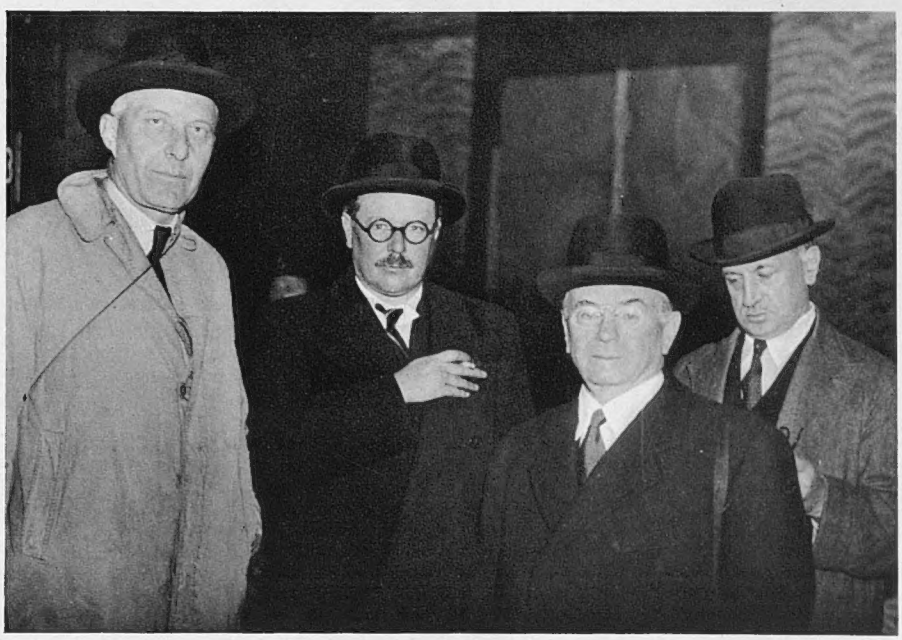
The Bystander, November 8, 1939 No. 1873. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

The Critic

Drawn by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather for Armistice Day, 1939

***From Canada** came Mr. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Natural Resources, for the Empire exchange of views and information on supply and economic defence. The Canadian people, he said, "cherish freedom, and their spirit revolts against the conception of a world where international relations are dominated by brute force." Another member of his delegation is Brig.-Gen. H. D. G. Crerar*



***To France** went a party of twenty Members of Parliament for a short visit. They went to the Front, and in Paris were received by M. Daladier, M. Reynaud and M. Herriot, and renewed contacts with French Members of the Anglo-French Parliamentary Group. Four of them here are Dr. Hugh Dalton (Labour), Mr. Harold Nicolson (National Labour), Mr. L. S. Amery (Conservative), and Mr. David Grenfell (Labour). Brigadier-General Spears, who led the party, broadcast in French during the visit. Harold Nicolson has recently published a new book, "Marginal Comment," a collection of his "Spectator" contributions in the first half of 1939 (reviewed: "Bystander," October 11th)*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE long-awaited speech of M. Molotov ran pretty well according to expectation. He accepted the theme of Herr von Ribbentrop that Germany is a peaceful country and that Britain is now the aggressor, and he announced the continuation of Russian neutrality. In other words, Russia for the Russians, and the rest can do what they like. It is a perfectly reasonable attitude, and, while it does not do much good, it does not do much harm.

THE song of the War Correspondents in France is now one long dirge about the weather. Apparently the only change they ever get from rain is a nice downfall of snow, which melts very quickly into a very pleasing slush. Old soldiers, who have not yet been conscripted and are sitting at home by their firesides, are rubbing their hands with a malicious pleasure when they imagine the scene. And they don't find it very difficult to imagine.

THE R.A.F.'s first reconnaissance flight over Southern Germany was carried out in appalling weather. Frost, snow, fog and ice on the wings were encountered almost from the start. In fact, the official report said that "almost as soon as the machines crossed the German frontier they ran into a blanket of fog and snow stretching almost from ground-level to a great height." It would, of course, be hopelessly irrelevant of a layman to ask what then they managed to see.

THE story that we and the French between us are ready with an order for 5750 'planes from America, if and when the embargo is lifted, has been officially denied by the Air Ministry. It certainly was a peculiar figure, but it circulated with extraordinary persistence. Obviously we are prepared to buy aeroplanes when the time comes, presumably reconnaissance machines and heavy bombers. Our own fighters, however, are so extraordinarily good that I doubt if we will want to buy American fighters. Over-multiplication of types is always a disadvantage.

LAST week I wrote about the discouragement of would-be volunteers for the Army, and explained that the authorities were not particularly keen to mingle volunteers with the mass-production of the militiamen. Since that was written, an official statement has been issued which reverses this policy altogether. Volunteers up to thirty-five will now be accepted, and welcomed. This is a wise decision. It not only encourages enthusiasm in the country, but it provides a stiffening of older men who will provide excellent material for N.C.O.s.

THE air-raid sirens are working on an original plan. In the first big raid on Edinburgh they did not work at all, and last week in London they suddenly worked for no reason whatever. In the case of the London warning, most people were frankly sceptical, and strolled through the streets, gazing at the heavens, and murmuring, "I simply don't believe it." The only people who took the matter seriously were, of course, the unhappy Ministry of Information. The *Evening News* was a little unkind when it printed in its "Stop Press" column that evening that it had tried to telephone to the Ministry to tell them that all was safe, but that even the telephone-operators were deep in the bosom of the earth, and they could get no reply.

THE debate on Civil Liberty in the House of Commons was a triumph for Mr. Dingle Foot, the young Liberal Member for Dundee. Mr. Foot has always been vigilant in defence of the rights of the citizen, and on this occasion he had a first-class case which he argued in a first-class way. Sir John Anderson did his best in defence, but the pressure was too strong, and Sir Samuel Hoare had to come posting up to the rescue. Now there is to be a consultation between all Parties about the amendment to the Government's rules for Defence of the Realm, and everyone is pleased.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON made a sensational statement in the course of the debate. He alluded to "a certain body which is well known to be anti-Semitic" which, he said, had given orders to each of its members that they must turn themselves into rumour-mongers. When pressed to give the name of this body, Sir John refused. It will be interesting to see what action, if any, is taken against this mysterious

(*Concluded on page 160*)

Happy Families—

On Three Fronts

France

The British Commander-in-Chief, General Lord Gort, and his staff walked briskly along on a trip up the line to inspect Allied positions, met an official photographer by the side of their path. Behind Lord Gort (second from right) walks Major-General the Duke of Windsor

Turkey

Glasses of champagne were lifted by the signatories and assistants after the conclusion of the Anglo-French - Turkish treaty in Ankara last month. In this newly - arrived picture can be seen M. René Massigli, French Ambassador, Dr. Reyfik Saydam, Turkish President of the Council and Foreign Minister, and Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, British Ambassador ; these signed

England

Sir Kingsley and Lady Wood are hosts at their home near Tunbridge Wells to fifteen small evacuee children from Woolwich, the Air Minister's constituency. Though the Rt. Hon. gentleman has little leisure for home life, he shares a good deal of what he has with his small guests

The Passing Hour (Cont. from p. 158)

body. A similar institution in Germany, publicly ordering its members to sabotage the war, might find life exceedingly difficult, but only for a very short time. After that it would stop altogether.

EVERYONE agrees that petrol and, later, food must be rationed; but no one is pleased with the coal-rationing. I have said before, and I say it again, that it seems to me incredible that eighty thousand miners should be out of work, that hundreds of millions of tons of coal are lying in the ground, and that people are ordered to cut consumption.

THE early closing order is a nice muddle. The small shopkeepers are faced with something like ruin if they are forced to shut at six o'clock. The bulk of their custom comes from working men and women who do not get home from work until after six. The official explanation is that it will enable the assistants to get home earlier in the black-out. But actually in a very short time it will be just as dark at six as at seven. Another argument is that, as the big shops have to shut at six, it would be unfair competition to let the small ones stay open longer. And when you think of the immense pressure of competition which the big shops exert on the little ones, it is no wonder that "Beachcomber" thinks this argument the funniest he has ever heard.

THE abolition of first-class carriages on the Underground is a long-overdue reform. But it is a pity that it is not to come into operation until February 1st. Surely January 1st would have been a better date. The next improvement in wartime travel should be the abolition of first-class in ordinary trains.

IT looks as if a nasty shock is coming to certain people in the City of London, Westminster, Hampstead and Holborn who have emptied their houses of all furniture and departed to live in the country. It is possible that they may be called upon to pay the rates on their empty houses. It has always been considered in the past that houses completely empty are exempt, but now it appears that there is no law to this effect. The Boroughs in question have been hard hit by evacuation and also by the large cost of A.R.P.

A TEAM of British soldiers took the field against a team of French soldiers at Soccer the other day. As everyone knows, the French have traditionally never been able to play any game of any sort, and our gallant troops went modestly out to give an exhibition of our great game. They were beaten by ten goals to one.

GENERAL SPEARS has produced another volume of his reminiscences of the first world war. It might seem at first sight an unfortunate moment to be writing about battles of long ago when battles of to-morrow are impending. But there is a curious fascination about *Prelude to Victory*. It is the story told from inside of the strange circumstances in which General Nivelle became Commander-in-Chief of the French Forces in 1917, and launched his appalling failure at the Chemin des Dames. The Nivelle-Haig discord serves to emphasise the Gamelin-Gort harmony of to-day.

A CURIOUS by-product of the war is reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. There is a serious shortage of cats in London. A great many people at the outbreak either had their cats destroyed or sent away to the country, and there is a considerable mortality of cats during the black-out owing to traffic accidents. The result is that already rats and mice are increasing rapidly, especially in the riverside areas, and many housewives are complaining bitterly of the influx of vermin now that their gallant whiskered defender has gone away.

I AM officially authorised to state that the crew of the German submarine which sank the Ark Royal three times running is entitled to keep the cup.

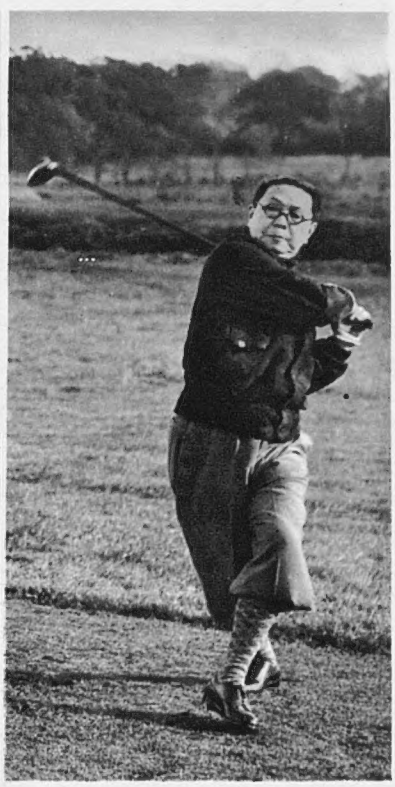
"Let's Mobilise Art . . ."

IN last week's issue (November 1st) we published, under the above title, two pictures of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson and reproductions of three of his last-war pictures. Two of these war pictures are the property of the Imperial War Museum, which owns the copyright; we much regret that no acknowledgement was made to the Museum.

As regards our caption, Mr. Nevinson never "threatened" that "unless artists are quickly given their proper part to play, they will starve to death or start a revolution," and we are sorry that he was wrongly reported by our camera-man.

An Editor Takes His Seat

Commander Stephen King-Hall, whose voice in the direction of affairs has so far been confined to his influential "News-Letter" service, now takes his place in the elected councils of the nation. He was returned unopposed for Ormskirk, National Labour (succeeding Sir Thomas Rosbotham), took his seat at Westminster last week, introduced by the Secretary to the Treasury and the Colonial Secretary (Captain Margesson, Mr. MacDonald)



Diplomatic Golf at Sandy Lodge Club

A distinguished trio playing a three-ball at Sandy Lodge last week were Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Moore, the Chinese Ambassador and the Latvian Minister. Here the last, M. Karlis Zarins, successfully clears a bunker

The Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Kuo Tai-chi, drives at Sandy Lodge. This representative of one of the oldest civilisations and one of the youngest republics in the world has been a keen golfer for some time

Protective Colouring :

Civilised warfare forces man to copy small animals in the art of inconspicuity

"Fear not, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane; and now a wood comes towards Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!" Replacing, say, the Forest of Warndt and Saarbruecken for Birnam Wood and Dunsinane in "Macbeth" (Act. V., Scene V.), we may construct a modern explanation for an old-time wonder and imagine a "wood" of Tommies advancing as above against the confused enemy. The picture was taken during exercises somewhere in England. Right, like a plumed knight of old, a sniper gets back to nature

***Red Indians** might almost be the game of this 1939 soldier photographed on patrol exercises somewhere in England*

Women in Uniform

V.A.D. Headquarters at the Duke and Duchess of Kent's House in Belgrave Square

***1. The enquiry department** is in the marble-floored hall of 3, Belgrave Square, well warmed by radiators under the windows. Miss M. Naylor Smith and Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, daughter of the Earl of Dunraven, are the officers in charge. Their V.A.D. assistant is Miss A. T. Chambers. All V.A.D.s on full-time duty have been paid since mid-October*

***2. The head office** is in the great drawing-room on the first floor. Here works Dame Beryl Oliver (right), head of the British Red Cross Society's V.A.D.s, wife of a distinguished sailor, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Oliver. Talking with her is the Hon. Phyllis Russell, Lord Ampthill's sister, who is in charge of the identity-disc department*

***3. In the bathroom,** the glass-fountained mirror reflects a young Red Cross V.A.D., and a member of the St. John Ambulance Brigade standing behind her*

4. The records department *has been allocated the Duchess of Kent's bedroom, and is in charge of Lady Abrahams and the Hon. Mrs. Copland-Griffiths, Viscount Hereford's younger daughter*

5. The secretary's office *is in the library, and Colonel F. S. Poynder (late Gurkha Rifles), the secretary to the Joint Council, enters through a sham bookcase door*

6. The mobilisation section *is in Prince Edward's and Princess Alexandra's day-nursery, under Miss M. House. Standing by her is Miss E. M. Sutherin, who is O.C. accounts. Next door in the night-nursery are kept the hospital files, looked after by Miss Dorothy Mavrojani*

7. The post-office *is in the dining-room with Mrs. H. Barrington as post-mistress. The V.A.D. headquarters are conveniently near the Red Cross and Order of St. John headquarters in Grosvenor Crescent, and the Committee for Trained Nurses' headquarters at 7, Belgrave Square, lent by Lord Clifden*

8. The records department *of the B.R.R.C. has found a home in the Duke of Kent's smoking-room, where, in an orderly maze of files, work Mrs. Hamilton Benn (telephoning) and her assistant, Mrs. Jack Stanford*

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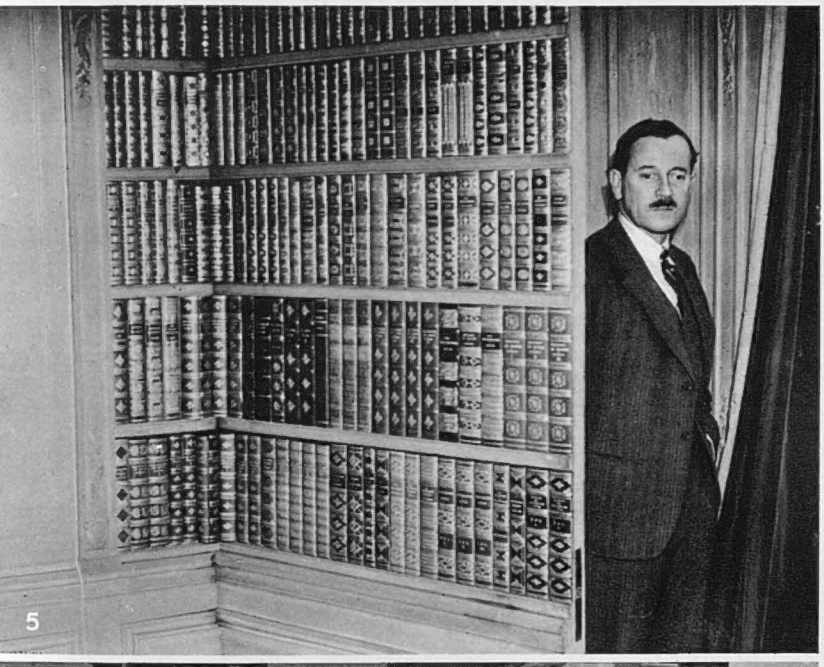
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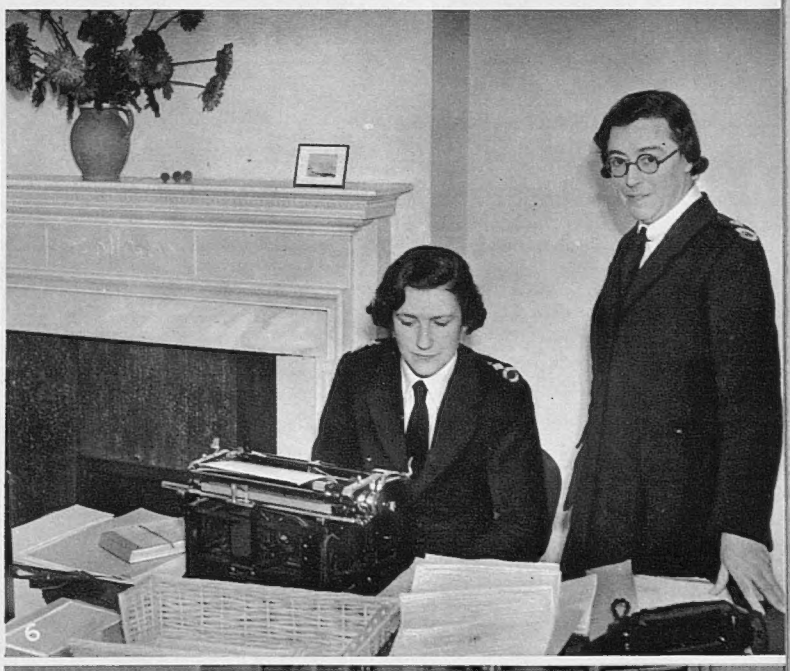
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Theatre News—of Four New Shows

Three from the New Revue at the Chanticleer

London's smallest and newest theatre, the Chanticleer, near Gloucester Road, whose reputation for intimate entertainment has rapidly formed, opened its most ambitious show last Wednesday, when "Let's Face It" started; the revue is by Diana Morgan and Robert Macdermot, authors of the "Gate Revue." Here are the leads: Dorothy Hyson (plus smile), whose film-actor husband is in the Air Force; Nat. D. Ayer, of "The Bing Boys" fame, now making a reappearance; and Mary Malcolm (Lady Bartlett)

"Can You Hear Me, Mother?"

Sir Oswald Stoll reopened the Coliseum last week and formed part of the wave of revue and light comedy which broke in theatreland as October and November merged. His venture was a short "laughter-show" taking its title from Sandy Powell's song "Can You Hear Me Mother?", is given twice nightly at 6 and 8. Here Sandy asks the question of his own mother, who came up to London for the first night

French Star of "French for Love"

The comedy by Marguerite Steen and Derek Patmore, a very light soufflé of the English idea of amour, is excellently served by Mme. Alice Delysia in the discreet part of a mistress (amore, non schola). "French for Love" opened at the Criterion last Tuesday, with what personal and floral success for Mme. Delysia we show here

"Young England" Revives

The question last week in many theatregoers' minds was whether the revival of "Young England" would meet with its former unkind, hilarious reception at a time when the "Young England" spirit is less easy to deride than before. The Holborn Empire management thought it would, and revived the noble play last Monday. Here eighty-eight-year-old Walter Reynolds, its author, poses with some of the children in the cast

Irish papa bent on education: Brefni O'Rorke

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

War, Revues, and "The Playboy" (Duchess)

AFTER a period of considerable anxiety and inactivity, the West End theatres are gaining heart and scope once more, and managers who have managed to carry on are making hay not only while the moon shines, but even while it doesn't. The population of London may be smaller than it was, but the percentage of playgoers may well be higher, because the need for recreation is greater. What will happen when or if London is raided remains to be seen—and heard. The probability is that there will be another exodus and another temporary slump, until once again adaptation to changed environment does its work, and the public, acclimatised to booms and bangs, realises that it is as safe in a theatre as it is at home. The whirligig of war brings in its reversals, not the least unanticipated being that some theatres, once apostrophised as death-traps, are now being acclaimed as particularly excellent air raid shelters.

MANAGERIAL plans seem, at the moment, to be mainly concerned with revues. That this should be so is not surprising in the light of the experience of the last war. Consider the facts. In 1913, the year before it broke out, two revues produced in London ran for over 200 performances (*Come Over Here*, 271, *Hullo Tango*, 485). In 1914 the number rose to three (*Not Likely*, 305, *Odds and Ends*, 259, *The Passing Show*, 351). In 1915 this number doubled itself (*Bric-à-Brac*, 385, *Hon y Soit*, 256, *More*, 376, *Push and Go*, 359, *Shell Out*, 315, *Watch Your Step*, 275). Five more came in 1916 (*The Bing Boys Are Here*, 378, *Pell Mell*, 298, *Pick-a-Dilly*, 284, *Razzle Dazzle*, 408, *Some*, 273). The three new revue successes of 1917 were all enormous (*Bubbly*, 429, *Cheep*, 483, *Zig-Zag*, 648). And as for 1918, this was the record year of all, bringing as many as nine new revues that topped the 200 (*As You Were*, 434, *The Bing Boys on Broadway*, 562, *Box o' Tricks*, 625, *Buzz Buzz*, 612, *Hullo America*, 358, *Smile*, 206, *Tabs*, 268, *Tails Up*, 467, *U.S.*, 312).

Thus, during the last war, there was an average of more than five revues a year running more than 200 performances. In the ten years following, the average fell to less than two. In the five years following that to less than one.

MOST of the new revues of the present war being still in preparation, I betook myself the other night to see a play far better than any revue that ever has been or ever will be written—*The Playboy of the Western World*, which Mr. Ashley Dukes has transferred from the Mercury to the Duchess. And having left myself little space, I can only advise you, if you have never seen Synge's masterpiece, to see it now. True, I shall never be quite happy myself unless the principal parts are played, as they were when first I saw it, by Moire O'Neill, Sara Allgood, Fred O'Donovan, Arthur Sinclair, Sidney Morgan, J. M. Kerrigan and J. A. O'Rourke—and that, alas, is an impossibility. But the comedy remains possibly the finest written in the English language this century, and the performance of Miss Moya Devlin as Pegeen Mike marks her as an actress with a future—an actress of strength and sensibility and deep understanding.

Merry widow Quinn: Elspeth March

Pegeen Mike: Moya Devlin

The playboy sees a ghost: John Chandos

Sketches by Rouson

Partaker and abstainer: Harry Hutchinson and Hugh Griffith

Films of the Day

America Enters the War—on the Screen

By George Campbell

Two out of three new films are American; both have a wartime atmosphere. Officially, of course, American films have to conform to American national policy; but if there is one place in the United States whose sympathies are unmistakable, that place is Hollywood.

This is not, as Nazi propagandists like to pretend, because the film industry is dominated by Jews. The anti-Nazi feeling, ever since Munich, has been no stronger amongst the Jews than amongst the actors and writers who happen to be Aryan. Artists and writers are generally liberal-minded; some of Hollywood's celebrities are strong Left Wingers. Though stars like Fredric March and Robert Montgomery need no protection from any actors' or technicians' union, that doesn't prevent their getting up on platforms and making fiery speeches defying their own bosses; and when actors will talk back to Louis B. Mayer and Sam Goldwyn, they are not going to stand for domination by Hitler. This feeling found expression in *The Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, which was good, in *I Was a Captive of Nazi Germany*, which was sincere but pretty amateurish, and again in two new films, *Thunder Afloat* and *Smashing the Spy Ring*, neither of which is important.

"Thunder Afloat" takes one back to 1918, when America's "ash-can fleet," as the submarine-chasers were called, were coping with a menace that had sunk some eighty merchantmen and the heavy cruiser, San Diego. One of the victims is a tug-boat skipper, played by Wallace Beery. He owns his boat—built her, in fact, with his own hands; and he wistfully recalls that it was on her that he spent his honeymoon, towing a load of fertiliser up to Boston. When a German U-boat sinks her it is like losing his home, his wife and his child all rolled into one. He swears vengeance, and when the American Navy decides to form a special branch to chase submarines he rushes to enlist. About the war in general he doesn't know much; he just feels that the dirty so-and-so who sank the Susan B. is his meat. All fundamentally human, of course, and, as played by Wallace Beery, very amusing.

The skipper's skill is a byword on the coast, and there is nothing wrong with his courage; but naval discipline maddens him, more especially as he discovers that his chief rival in the tug business, Chester Morris, whom he has tricked into enlisting, is his immediate senior. He shows what he thinks of Morris and the Navy by breaking formation and going off U-boat hunting on his own. How he finds the U-boat but lets it escape through disobeying orders, is reduced to the ranks, and earns reinstatement in the end, makes as lively a thriller as we have had for months. Though the plot may date from well before the last war, the U-boat scenes, with the chasers' Y-guns hurling explosives to port and starboard while the submarine quivers and rocks, and its crew with taut faces watch the poker-faced, bearded German skipper, are more than enough to hold any average audience.

The writing is extremely effective, without being in the least distinguished; and the acting is pretty good, too. Wallace Beery is not the highbrow's pet, but in his broad, unsubtle way, with many a disgusted twist of the mouth and muttered oath, he gives a performance that can only be called slashing. Chester Morris is effective as the rival skipper, and Virginia Grey, probably the best coiffured girl in the New England tug fleet, is easy to look at if not quite so easy on the ear.

"Smashing the Spy Ring" is great stuff, agreeable to lowbrow and highbrow alike, for different reasons. It creates a world in which spies can expect to gain entrance to grounds where a secret gas-bomb is being tested by simply disguising themselves as ice-cream vendors, and the G-man can obtain admission to the clinic which is the spies' headquarters by pretending to have lost his memory. But maybe this is all right, anyway. When I read what happened in the last war, and that vital papers are still left in cars every week or so while the owner drops in on a friend for a quick one, I can believe anything.

Be this as it may, as a certain Cabinet Minister always says when his conversation is beginning to drag a bit—be this as it may, the spy-in-the-enemy's-clutches situation always gets over. Once build it up and the smallest detail has suspense, especially when the acting is as plausible as that of Walter Kingsford and Ralph Bellamy. Two old favourites, Fay Wray and Regis Toomey, also reappear. Fay Wray, as you know, is the girl who screamed her way through a cycle of horror pictures and ended by being carried off by King Kong. And they say apes are stupid! Regis Toomey had won quite a following by his sympathetic studies of reporters and detectives when he suddenly faded out. Don't ask me why stars fade out. I never know why most of them arrive.

Fernandel is good and Raimu is superb, but no amount of fan-feeling can persuade me that *Les Rois du Sport* is anything but *pouilleux*. This farce about a waiter who is mistaken for a champion boxer, and compelled to take part in motor races and prize fights, does badly what the Americans, in the heyday of Harold Lloyd, did supremely well. It must be made plain to our gallant Allies, before they bury their talent again, that for once we were not amused.

"Thunder Afloat," at the Empire

Wallace Beery's latest film, though made before the war, is fortunate in being highly topical—he is a member of the U.S. "Ash-Can Fleet," America's submarine-chasers in 1917-18. There is a pretty personal story worked in of a pre-war rivalry continued into the Service by Chester Morris and Beery; the girl, an essential requirement on a film submarine-chaser, is Virginia Grey. Reviewed here

Anthony

"I Am the Very Model . . ."

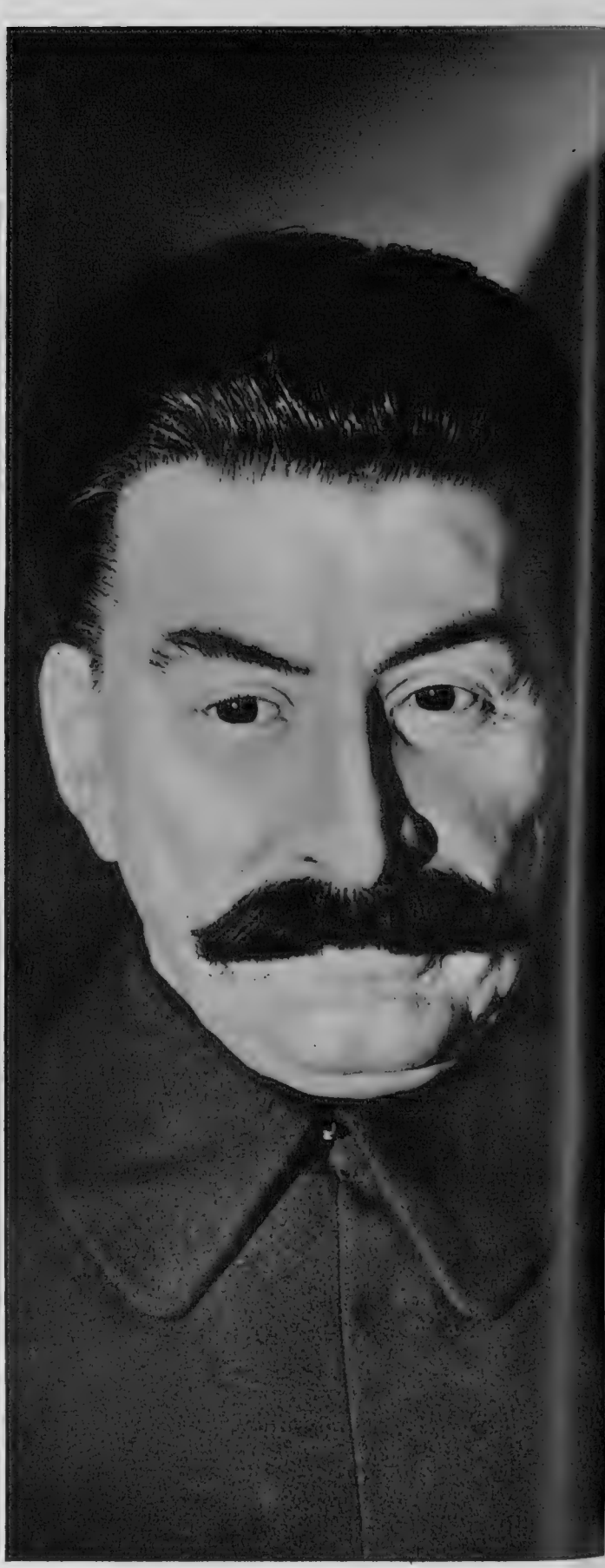
The latest portrait-study of the Prime Minister was made not from life, but from the wax model at Madame Tussaud's. The model itself was made in 1936, when Mr. Chamberlain was still Chancellor of the Exchequer, but already the chosen successor to Mr. Baldwin. Like all Tussaud models, it was constructed from photographs, and cost between £60 and £70. Three more topical "model portraits" are on the next two pages

"I Am the Very Model . . ."

Three Dictators portrayed by the Artists of Mme. Tussaud's, photographed by Gordon Anthony for the "Bystander"

Adolf Hitler of Germany

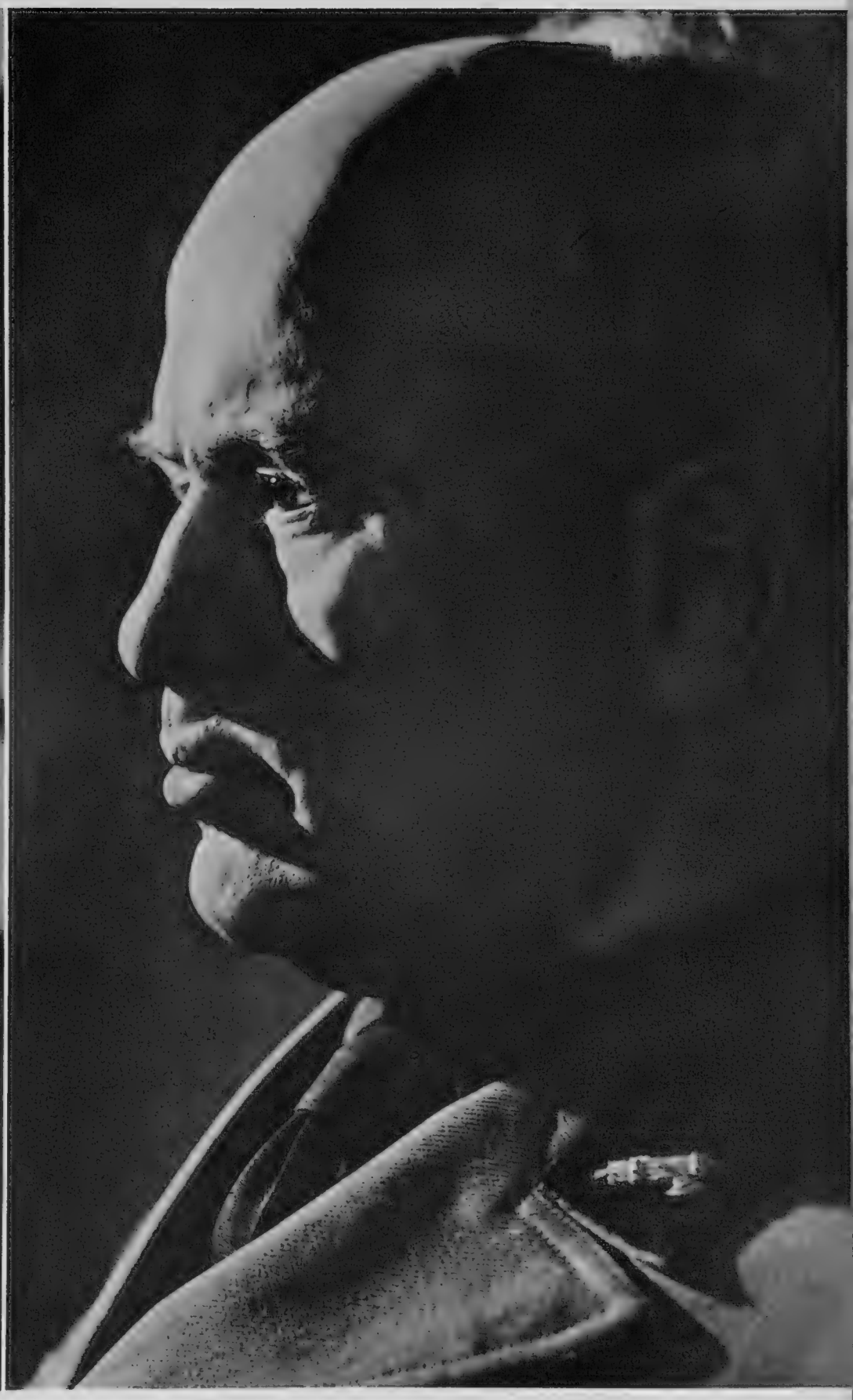
Hitler in wax was made in 1933, and a comparison between it and to-day's photographs shows how six years of power have lined the face of Nazi Germany's Führer. At that time so little was known of his personal appearance that the German Embassy here could not state the colour of his eyes. They were made brown, but have since been altered to china-blue. His uniform was specially sent over from Germany. The main structural characteristics for a Tussaud model are taken from as many different photographs as are available, and the attitude is chosen best known to the public. For Hitler a Napoleonic position was selected rather than the now better-known fascist-salute posture. The modelling of hands and arms is done from life models. Every hair in head, moustache, eyebrows, etc., is put in singly



Joseph Stalin of Russia

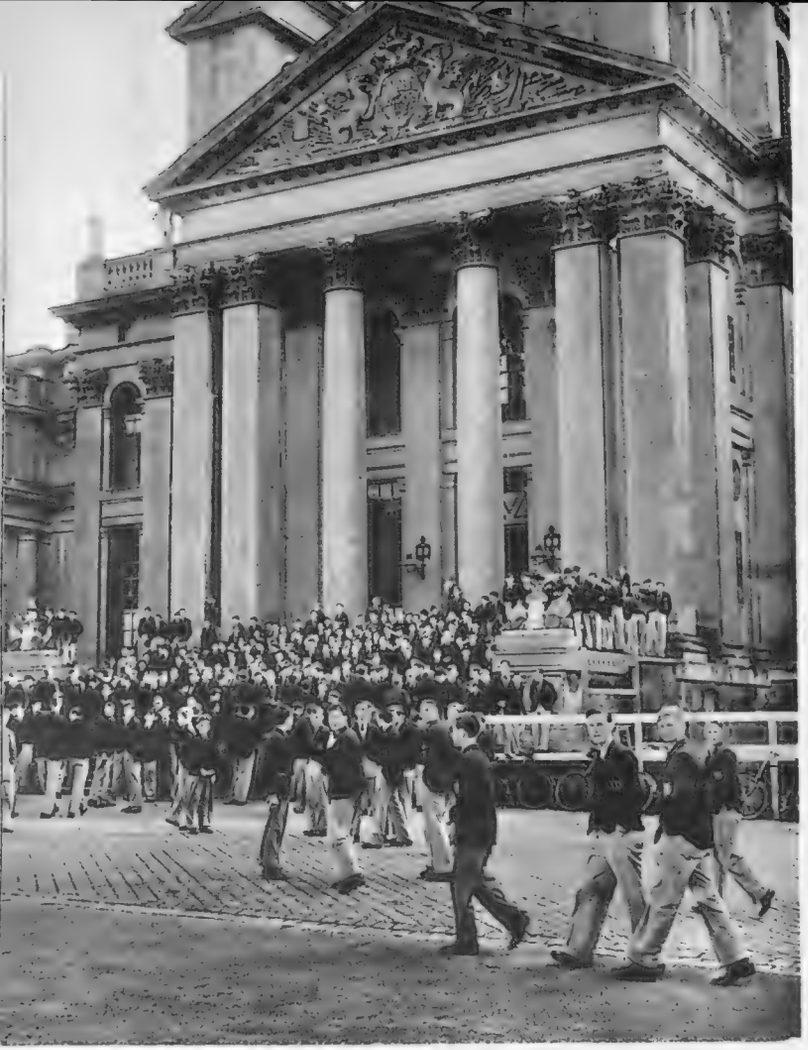
Stalin in wax, created in 1936, is a Tussaud masterpiece. reproduction of a photograph to work from, they have invested city. It gives the impression of being as true to life as the (It is not generally known that Stalin has a withered arm, so that he was at one time immune from military service.) descendants of the French royalties and revolutionaries whom Tussaud, modelled at the Cabinet de Cire, Rue St. Honoré, her art from her uncle, Dr. Christopher Curtius, and took when he left Paris in the service of the National Convention. prison, but still worked, modelling to the order of her her descendants have worked ever since. Her Exhibition toured until 1884, when it moved to Marylebone Road, was partly

Although its makers had only a daily paper's the model with an astonishing air of authenti- portrait of Chamberlain on the previous page. and that two of his toes are joined together, These dictators are the direct waxwork Marie Grosholtz, later Madame François a hundred and fifty years ago. She learnt over his waxwork museum, opened in 1762, During the Reign of Terror she was in captors. In 1802 she came to England, where until 1835, was housed in Baker Street burnt out in 1925, and reopened in 1928



Benito Mussolini of Italy

Mussolini in wax, a 1935 creation, is the third of the European dictators reproduced by the descendants of old Madame Tussaud, who died ninety years ago. Her great-great-grandson, Bernard Tussaud, is the chief artist of the company and responsible for the studios. His four aunts also work there, inserting hair and colouring the figures. But the grand old man of Madame Tussaud's is his father, the foundress's great-grandson, eighty-one-year-old John Theodore Tussaud. When he was fourteen, John Theodore began to learn his art from his father, Joseph Randall Tussaud, modelled his first king, Milan of Servia, when he was fifteen, and since then has made over a thousand portrait models in wax, apart from the tableaux and groups, which are his speciality. He succeeded his father as director of and artist to the Exhibition fifty-three years ago, and still, as consulting artist, keeps a working connection with this strange family business



400 boys thought the war not so bad when they found school was to be in a palace for the duration. Here the majority of them are gathered before the mixed pillars of Blenheim's main entrance

The Head Master, Mr. H. C. A. Gaunt, a Master of Arts from King's, Cambridge, has taken as his study the room which Winston Churchill used to write in. Here Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt are with R. A. Young, head of the school

Malvern at Blenheim

Turned out of their Worcestershire home by the Government, a public school moves across to a ducal palace in Oxfordshire

The long library has been converted into a dormitory, its bookcases [illegible] guarded by plywood. Over adolescent slumbers the great organ pre[illegible]

Milk at eleven is the modern shield and defender

TWO hundred and thirty-six years ago we were at war with all-powerful France over the Spanish succession. Malbrook s'en allait en guerre and drove nail after nail into the coffin of the Bourbon glory—Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet—and came home as great a hero as Wellington a hundred years later, a much greater hero than any Allied general two hundred years later. Poets and prosaists (Addison among them) were employed to chant the "famous victory" and a more material form of reward was granted by the Crown (Queen Anne), who had the manor of Woodstock transferred to Marlborough by act of Parliament, and further some £240,000 of public money spent on the building of a fine palace. Finally, the Emperor gave the victor of Blenheim a principality in High Germany. To-day, no German Emperor reigns, no Bourbon King, there is no Spanish succession. But Blenheim still stands, a showplace of the country, and a duke of Marlborough owns it. He does not, for the present, live in it, for he let it to Malvern College when they were turned out of their own buildings by the war-inspired Government. Malvern was founded in 1862, opened in 1865, its scholastic system founded on that of Winchester. Incorporation by Royal Charter dates from 1929. The present Headmaster, Mr. Gaunt, tells us the following about his move: "Malvern College has now been in residence at Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, for a month. The line of seven state-rooms on the ground floor and the long library have been converted into dormitories. Marble and parquet floors had to be covered with linoleum and coconut matting throughout. Washing and changing accommodation for 400 boys has been achieved by roofing over two courtyards. Moreover, we had to instal new boilers and tanks. The kitchens have been provided with new gas ranges and the domestic staff, which is accustomed in boarding-houses at Malvern to cook for 60 or 70, now has to cook [*Continued overleaf*]

***The great hall** is put to its proper feudal purpose as the refectory, the four hundred boys being segregated in houses at tables. The black-out curtain before the door, enough to obscure every window in a small house, typifies one of the tougher problems facing Malvern's staff at the move—how to cover the vast Blenheim windows, some forty feet high. Above the door hangs an emblazoned shield in which can be seen the escallops of Spencer, the lion rampant of Churchill. The crest which rears over the main entrance (top left-hand picture opposite) is almost entirely dissimilar from that of the present half-American Duke: only the Wyverns and the Spanish motto, "Fiel pero Desdichado" ("Proud but Unfortunate") remaining. Malvern's motto is in orthodox Latin—"Sapiens qui prospicit"*

[Continued overleaf]

P.T. in the stableyard: *under the school sergeant the War Office regulation physical training is carried on amongst the proud ghosts of departed equipages*

History beneath a tapestry battle: *amid the beds of an improvised dormitory, and beneath the famed tapestry of Marlborough at Blenheim, juniors learn of far-off wars. No ink is allowed in the building — all work is done in pencil*

Science in the laundry: *beneath the massive drying racks, lashed like the boom of a thirty-foot yawl, Malvern's scientists have rigged up Bunsen burners and test-tube racks. The College is rightly proud of its strong scientific and mechanical sides, and the staff were able to put their learning to practical use during the move in the conversion of A.C. apparatus to D.C., and so on*

Malvern at Blenheim

[*Continued from page 170*] for 500—a gigantic task which has been successfully accomplished from the moment the boys came back. A new main gas-pipe had to be laid through the park. Classroom accommodation has been a grave difficulty, and to begin with we had to do some teaching in dormitories while extra huts were erected. We have had to provide facilities for the teaching of music and choral singing, a gymnasium which will also do service as an assembly hall, and art school; at present we are deprived of any facilities for engineering or woodwork shops, but we have discovered a possible site for a shooting-range. We cannot play any court games, and at present have no swimming-bath, though owing to the kindness of the owner, boys will be permitted to bathe in the ornamental pools in the summer; he has also given us permission to use the grounds for playing-fields. An excellent farmhouse in the grounds has been obtained for use as a sanatorium. A serious problem confronted us in the provision of religious services, but fortunately the parish church is a large one and the kindness of the Vicar has enabled us both to attend parish services and to have school services of our own. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the Government action may be, there is a determination on the part of all to play their part in maintaining the cause of education"

Edythe Baker D'Erlanger at Home in Mayfair

Kansas to Park Street by Means of the Piano

Edythe Baker is that romantic phenomenon, the small-town girl who made good. She was born in Gerrard, Kansas, educated in Kansas City until she was fifteen, when she went for the stage, and appeared on it first at sixteen. At eighteen her name hit the electric lights in the *Ziegfeld Frolic*, and, coming here for a month's holiday on the strength of being a celebrity, was signed by Cochran for *One Dam Thing After Another* (1927), and stayed. She won London's heart with her piano playing and married into its society. Now she has returned to the stage to take part in concerts to the troops, started last week at Banbury, as we recorded

***She collects** photographs (left) and antique miniature pianos (right). Among the former are some of herself with the close, smooth shingle of the twenties, and of friends such as Elsa Maxwell, Marlene Dietrich, the Marx Brothers*

Photographs by Tunbridge

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"A NECESSARY lie," said Slogger Martin Luther on a famous occasion, approving the bigamy of the Landgrave of Hesse, "a useful lie, a helpful lie—what harm in telling a whopper (*starke Lüge*) for a greater good?" And that eminent modern German thinker, Slogger Hitler, remarks in his popular ethical work, *Mein Kampf*: "A definite factor in getting a lie believed is the *size* of the lie. The broad mass of the people in their simplicity more easily fall victims to a big lie than a little one." From which—leaving aside the perfidies of Frederick the Great and Bismarck and his forged Ems telegram—one perceives that German Thought has not altered in this important department for some 400 years, as Slogger Ribbentrop's Danzig speech showed once more. Admiring the massive German technique objectively, and carefully eschewing that holier-than-thou pose which is fit only for dreamers and cretins, we trust the Ministry of Information and its propaganda boys will never be fools enough to compete. Since it 's impossible to adhere strictly to the truth in modern war, as every realist remembers from last time, we suggest our boys leave the heavy stuff to the Nazis and specialise when necessary in tiny, elegant, decorative lies, like Tanagra statuettes or Condor fans or Chinese ivories, the kind of lies a man can put on his mantelpiece or stick in a glass case and be proud of.

You 'll naturally object that dainty little lies would never get across (e.g.) in America, where the populace is used to the howling of big-time publicity and a hotcha Press. You probably overlook the snobisme which rules our great democracies. Once the Four Hundred had begun collecting our exquisite propagandist bric-à-brac and jealously protecting it from the mob, it would soon be the rage of the most exclusive salons in Brooklyn, Yonkers, and the Bronx, and a few weeks later the Middle West would be crazy for it.

Pastoral

LIKE a breath from a cosier world came the news, warm and fragrant, the other day that the four first awards in the L.M.S. Station Gardens Competition have been won by Alsager (Cheshire), Buckingham, Llanfairfechan (Carnarvonshire), and Knighton (Radnorshire), which you must carefully distinguish from Knighton (Salop), of which the miserable Shropshire Lad has sombrely remarked:

> And lads knew trouble at Knighton,
> When I was a Knighton lad.

We 're told the Radnorshire Knighton is an Arcadian place, where porters and lampmen gambol with the flocks, and trains are wreathed in wild flowers, and the brows of the Chef de Gare are decked, not with that sinister diadem mentioned in the rude French soldiers' song, but with daisies and gillyflowers, Canterbury bells and ladies' smocks and campion, love-in-a-mist and sweet William, rosemary and Candy Goldilocks. In the Shropshire Knighton, a chap assures us who motored that way recently on State business, the more ancient lads are now taking a macabre pleasure in the European mess-up, their features twisted in a Voltairean sneer as they repeat that well-known crack of their chosen poet:

> Get you the sons your fathers got
> And God will save the Queen.

—the cynical flavour, or tang, or bite of which seems to have escaped one of the newspapers which quoted it recently as a bit of sturdy patriotic verse. But don't tell the King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

Taken by and large, whatever that means, we still think Gatwick (S.R.), through which we flash at intervals, deserves a special annual prize. Recollect that the spiritual message of Gatwick's lawns and flowers does not fall on the receptive (if out-sized) ears of the gentle rustics of Cheshire or Carnarvon, but on the hard-boiled red ears of purple racing men from Town, many of whom, like Lord George Hell, have never seen a daisy, most of whose lives are wholly spent in violence, chicanery, and gross indulgence. When racing is resumed at Gatwick we propose spending a day there and questioning some of these earnestly. Maybe the war has brought a change; maybe every owner, trainer, tout, nark, and bookie is now a little N*ch*ls. We shall know when we see them bounding from the train to whisper their secret to the Gatwick blooms, and unlike the foes of England, we won't be sorry we were born.

Trial

SIX times a day, on a recent average, was too often to hear B.B.C. band songsters, male and female, carolling that piece about the Siegfried Line, and we probably weren't the only members of the public who muttered under our breath that savage line of the poet Sassoon, inspired by somewhat similar circumstances: "I 'd like to see a tank come down the stalls . . . !" The Cockney-American twang constantly affected by

"No, not that one, Miss Candlethorpe, that 's my lunch box"

most of the boys and girls made it no easier to bear. As for some current jokes, we observe with relief that the B.B.C. have now closed down on comedians' cracks about the Nazi leaders, which were never very good anyway. The fighting man, as somebody justly pointed out in the *Times*, is entitled to his bit of spontaneous fun at the expense of the enemy, but when such fun is made to order by civilians—described by the *Times* boy as "apes"—it is merely odious, like that "killing Kruger wiv yer mouth" which revolted even Slogger Kipling all those years ago. As to songs of civilian manufacture, the fighting man likes (and even loves) them when they 're nostalgic but hasn't much use for near-martial heroics: which is why we fear the gifted author of "Keep the Home Fires Burning" which knocked the soldiery cock-eyed with emotion, will never ring the bell with that new offering of his which goes, rather terribly:

So we 'll grin, grin, grin,
Till we win, win, win (etc.).

This, incidentally, must be the first known use of the word "grin" in front-rank English Lyric Verse since that clarion quatrain by an unknown Babu, a firm admirer of the Victorian Raj and obviously a decent scout in every way:

In ancient days ere Britain ruled our Ind,
No man but mocked at Life, at Honour grinned,
But now benignant British banners have swiftly brought
Security of life and pelf and freedom of thought.

Blade

AMONG the proper implements of a master-singer's trade possessed by the great poet, W. B. Yeats, lately dead, was a Japanese sword presented to him by Junzo Sato and mentioned among his bequests. We take it to be a true Samurai blade, razor-keen and lacquer hilted, forged with many incantations, the work of a craftsman long dead; with which blade Yeats could slice his enemies gracefully in half like slicing a pat of butter. We also deduce—knowing one of the few collectors of old Japanese swords in London, a terrible fuss-pot—that when not in use this blade was swathed in silk and kept in a special suède bag, and that no one was allowed to breathe on its glassy surface. Every good poet should be a swordsman, or at least able to handle a dagger like Kit Marlowe down at Deptford. Physique doesn't count. No litteratoor could be more fragile than the consumptive Marcel Proust, who was of a prickly and sensitive nature and was always duelling with chaps who looked at him twice in the Café Weber and other places. Yet so degraded are our British booksy boys nowadays that their honour, as it is often called, is generally satisfied by kicks in the pants and socks on the jaw—a procedure, curiously enough, considered more manly by British magistrates than fighting with swords or knives, though this infinitely more dangerous pastime was in great favour in these islands for centuries.

Samurai swords are perhaps a little too sudden for serious duelling. The lightest feathery touch and your opponent's head is off. The Hungarians get much more satisfaction out of the cavalry sabres with which they normally settle their disputes. Those dainty rapiers worn by leading British politicians on State occasions are just the phonus-bolonus, by the way. G. K. Chesterton once challenged Mr. Asquith, encountered wearing Court dress, to draw his blade. "Do not provoke me!" snarled the Elder Statesman with a bloodthirsty look. But he knew too well his snickersnee was bogus, and that is why, when politicians fight, they use their teeth and nails.

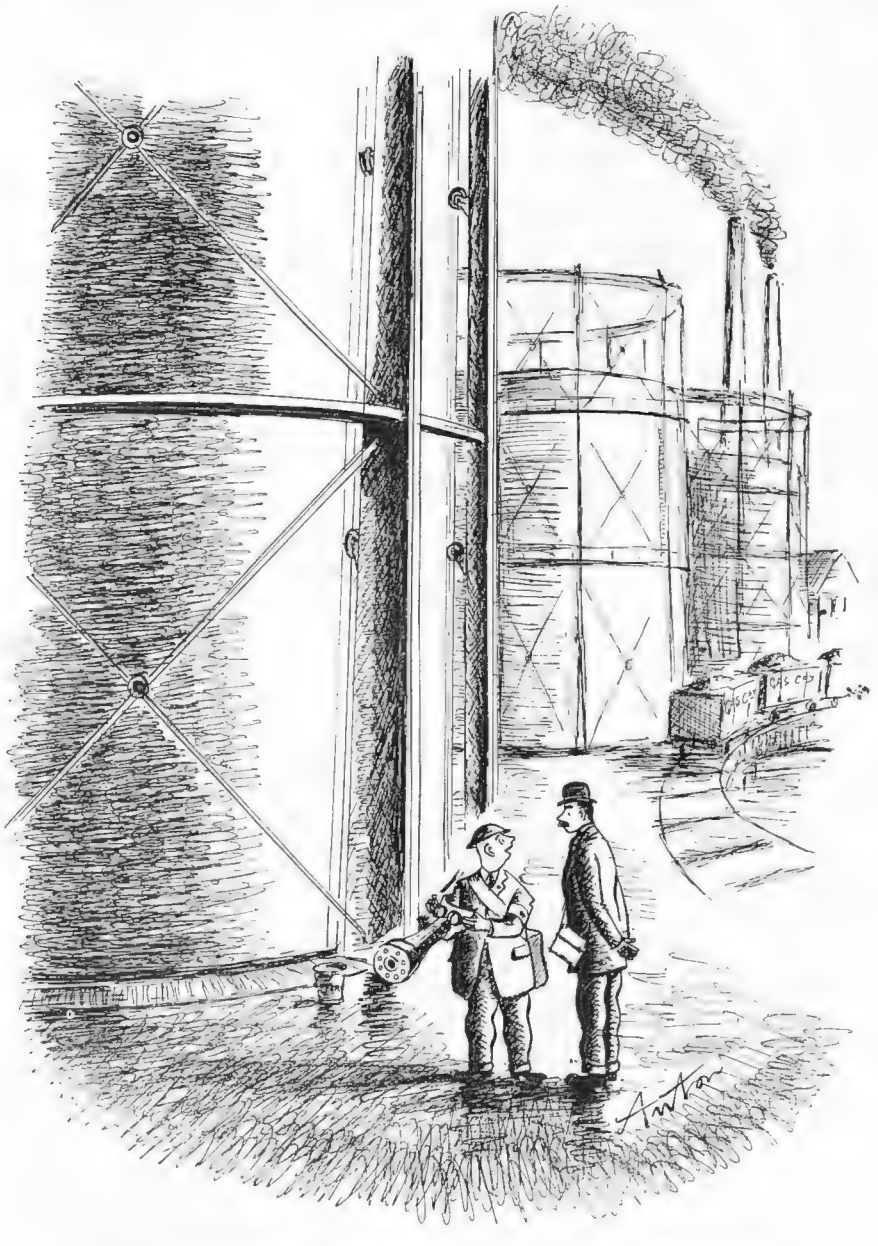
Houpla

IT wasn't likely that the Great Pyramid boys could keep their dainty traps shut for long, with every kind of other prophet working at high pressure, and we perused their latest forecasts the other day with great interest. The flow of trade dried up under the Sixth Vial on May 29, 1928, and September 16, 1936. The Going-Forth of Three Unclean Spirits under the Seventh Vial takes place between September 16, 1936, and November 27, 1939. The Final Collapse of Economic World-Order is due between November 10, 1948, and September 22, 1950, and the Final Collapse of Aggressive Military Systems between September 22, 1950, and August 20, 1953. The exact hour in each case is not stated, but one may hope, since the Pyramid boys are fond of their tea, nothing drastic will bob up between 4.30-5.30 p.m. on any of the dates fixed.

Their—or rather, the Great Pyramid's—interpretations of the Apocalypse differ markedly, we note, from those of a certain type of conscientious objector who has been performing recently before the tribunals, affording the thoughtful a curious glimpse of that fantastic Cloud-Cuckoo Land in which many of the Island Race pass their lives. In France they pop such pipe-dreamers—rare in that country—into the sneezer, *tout de go*. In this country the tribunals listen patiently to their harangues and treat them afterwards as if they were reasoning human beings. Much preferable, in our degraded view, is the type which lays off private interpretations of Holy Writ and stands on his own merits. Recent specimen exchange (authentic):

Q.: If your mother were in danger of being attacked by the enemy, would you go to her rescue?
A.: My mother is quite capable of taking care of herself.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I have this special one because I have a theory that in the event of a direct hit there might be a serious escape of gas"

Sir John Marling and Miss Betty Somerset

Captain Sir John Marling, Bt., of Stanley Park, Stroud, Glos., married Betty Somerset at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late FitzRoy Somerset and Mrs. Gill, of Lowndes Square, S.W.1. Two years ago she attempted to motor the 7000-odd miles to Calcutta, but only got to Budapest when her companion, Diana March-Phillips, became ill. Now she is training to be a nurse at St. Mary's, Paddington

Flight-Lieut. Nigel Tangye and Miss Ann Todd

Nigel Tangye and actress Ann Todd were married at Chelsea Register Office. He is in the R.A.F.O., is the second son of Colonel and Mrs. R. T. G. Tangye, of Glendorgal, St. Columb Minor, Cornwall. She is the daughter of the late Thomas Todd, and Mrs. Todd, of 16, Abingdon Court, W. They met when she was acting in the Korda film "Things to Come," for which he was aeronautical adviser. Mrs. Tangye was formerly the wife of Victor Malcolm, son of Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch

Four Weddings

Miss Sam Hanbury and Mr. Godfrey Pike

Godfrey Eben Pike is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Eben Pike, of Ty-Mawr, Gilwern, near Abergavenny. Caroline Fox Hanbury is the only daughter of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury, and Lady Hanbury, of Kingston Maurward, Dorchester, and La Mortola, Ventimiglia, Italy. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Miss Diana Preston and Mr. John Colledge

John Francis Colledge, only son of Captain and Mrs. J. T. Colledge, of Stallpits, Shrivenham, Wilts., and Diana Mary Bruce Preston, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Richard Preston, of Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Preston, and a cousin of Viscount Gormanston, were married at St. Anne's, Chertsey, Surrey

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

George Moore's Ancestors

By V. S. Pritchett

Once you get a taste for it, Anglo-Ireland is an irresistible subject. Of course, one means Anglo-Ireland of the landlords; outside of that there was a sub-Bournemouth gentility, and Mr. Bernard Shaw's horror of the middle-classes was really based, not on the museum pieces of Kensington, but on the fossils of Kilkenny. In the Irish eighteenth century the riff-raff of an essentially colonial squirearchy were at the height of their liveliness; they were mad where their successors in the following century were depressingly odd. The downfall came from the fact that they were only half-assimilated colonists and England herself conspired to make their upstart aristocracy futile. As Mr. Joseph Hone points out in *The Moores of Moore Hall* (Cape; 12*s.* 6*d.*), the commercial restrictions which England imposed on Ireland discouraged the young from forming a merchant middle-class and left them instead with no career but soldiering, horse and cattle breeding (sheep farming, for some reason, was not respectable), and a vast leisure for drinking, gaming, and "galloping after a few famished hounds or ravaging the country in search of unfortunate females whose parents were easily persuaded to sacrifice their daughters for a little money."

The more vital Catholic elements, of which George Moore's ancestors were representative, became the famous Wild Geese who fled abroad, chiefly to Spain and South America, where they rose to eminence and were in every row. George Moore, George the first of Mr. Hone's history, was one of those who made a fortune. He made it in Alicante and returned to Mayo to build himself that eighteenth-century "place" which was de rigueur. His troubles then began. Instead of a peaceful old age, he had the complaints of his wife about the island savagery, he went blind in his sleep, and his eldest son took part in a political rising and died a prisoner of the English. Here the Moores get their first distinction. For a week the young man was the first President of an Irish Republic. He was the President of Connaught! Over a hundred years later rebellion was still in the blood; his descendant, Colonel Maurice Moore, fought the Boers, yet managed to be in the vanguard of de Valera's campaign against the land annuities.

Between those two Moores the story is one of horses and politics, the two inseparables of Irish life. George III.'s brother was a mathematician of genius, but he had to break his neck in the Grand National; and George III. was a gift to the Newmarket trainers. George IV., the novelist, had his horsy period, but, fortunate enough to be a writer, he was able to turn the national failing to profitable account in *Esther Waters*. Mr. Gladstone, that monument to the irreconcilable relations of English and Irish, praised the book for its eloquent warning to the English lower orders of the evils of betting! Politics were equally disruptive. The Moores took the side of the peasants; but that did not prevent the peasants from rising against the almost Fenian George III., their champion; and in 1923, despite the gallant services of the quixotic Colonel, "unknown men" (as the saying used to be) burned Moore Hall to the ground. It seems to be a law of rebellion that you are in most danger from your own side; certainly that is true of Irish rebellions. The Moore family make an admirable subject for a study of the rise and dispersal of Anglo-Ireland.

Tamara Toumanova

This study of Toumanova in "Le Spectre de la Rose," by Gordon Anthony, is one of the ninety-six pictures in his new book, "Russian Ballet," published last week by Geoffrey Bles (42s.), and a successor to his earlier "Ballet." Arnold Haskell has written some interesting introductory notes on the careers and characteristics of the various dancers who appear in the photographs

Mr. Maurice Collis's books on Burma and Siam were distinguished; he is less happy when he tries his hand at a novel. An Assistant District Commissioner, home on leave, has the task of taking back a young painter who is to paint portraits of a Burmese merchant's family. An Irishman obliges, seduces the usual bored wife of the Somerset Maugham country, then falls romantically for the Burmese daughter of the merchant. Scandal at once, for the seduced wife has a husband with a grudge against the D.C.; but all is well because the painter suddenly becomes an Earl—which mollifies the delightfully snobbish Burmese mother-in-law-to-be, and, of course, overwhelms the English colony. I don't know what happens to the seduced wife, but I felt sorry for her; she had no chance in a fairy-tale like this. As a fairy-tale, it is, I 'm afraid, often inept, and the conversation of the Assistant District Commissioner has to be seen to be believed; it is strange to find this *Peg's Paper* plot in a book which contains some good pictures of the country and people. As an escape novel, however, *Sanda Mala* (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*) has its charm.

Mr. Randall Swingler is far, far better, though he is unreservedly grim. *To Town* (Cresset Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a novel about childhood, but a childhood in the tradition of Dickens's *Hard Times*. (Writers have followed the rosy Dickens; they have neglected the violent, harsh and haunted Dickens.) The only criticisms I have of Mr. Swingler are his excess of metaphor and a monotony of mood. But one could not ask for a better picture of children's lives in the railway culs-de-sac of the industrial slums, a more searching and exact account of what drives children to vandalism and crime. The book is remarkable for three episodes. First, the forming of a semi-criminal gang; then a really dramatic story of how the children league together and persecute an old lady who lives in a villa which has got stranded among the tenements, finally setting fire to her garden; and lastly, a most moving but quite unsentimental description of a young boy's dream. This novel does not move one—one is protesting too often at the loading of the dice—but it does brand the mind and it left me with the excited impression that the English novel was coming back to a realism it had lost since Dickens and Gissing. *To Town* is a tour de force, and while I can't recommend it to escapers, I do urge it on those who want novels to be about something real.

Mr. H. E. Bates's Uncle Silas is one of those characters a novelist throws off in an idle moment, only to find that his readers insist on him going on for ever. In *My Uncle Silas* (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Bates yields. A bucolic worthy, the old man is a wicked, hard-drinking, amorous bundle of high animal spirits, full of good nature and tall stories. He belongs to the hearty and vulgar world of music-hall; he is the English labourer unbuttoned. And he is a born story-teller. "My great Uncle Silas was a man who could eat anything. He could eat stewed nails. He had lived on them, once, for nearly a week. He told me so." Or, "My great Uncle Silas was a man who never washed himself. 'God A'might',' he would say, 'why should I? It 's waste o' time. I got summat else to do 'sides titivate myself wi' soap.' For years his housekeeper washed him instead." How 's that, Band Waggon? I preferred the old gentleman in small doses; but if you like a "character," full-strength and unwatered, here he is, and very much, apparently, by general request.

Fiction recommended:

New Writing. Edited by John Lehmann (Hogarth Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

Polonaise. By Martin Hare (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

White Master. By Robert Flaherty (Routledge; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

"Charley's Big-Hearted Aunt"

A New Humorist Plays an Old Part

Gaumont-British have engaged the newest-arrived comedy team—Arthur Askey and Richard Murdoch—to play in their film version of the great old laughter-maker and record-holder, *Charley's Aunt*. They have adapted the title to the fame of him who plays the name-part, and called it *Charley's Big-Hearted Aunt*. It is now in production at G.-B.'s Shepherd's Bush studios, in what style we show here. Above, Big-Hearted Askey as the Aunt tries to go up to an Oxford college in an unorthodox way, aided by Fatty Graham Moffatt (of Will Hay's gang), Stinker Murdoch, and Moore Marriott as a scout. On the left they appear to have been sent down

"Bystander" Short Story

Vacation

By John Gloag

Illustrations by Alex Jardine

"The business depended on me"

I NEEDED a rest badly, but then, I was doing the sort of job in which a rest was quite impossible. There was too much hanging on to it; and then I'd got partners—at least, I thought I had until it came to shouldering the responsibility. Then I found I had to stand alone.

Doctors? Of course I went to doctors. They all said the same thing. Take a holiday or you'll crack up. Well, it's easy enough for a doctor to sit back in his nice leather-padded armchair and say that. It's just as sensible as telling a man on the dole that he's got to spend the winter in Egypt, and take his family along with him, as it is to tell a man running the sort of business I was running to ease up and take some time off. Why? I'd got to have my eyes skinned night and day. You get used to working a twenty-four-hour day in time, and it always seemed to me that I ran over the business when I was asleep, so I really worked both sides of the clock, if you follow me. I'd wake up morning after morning just about as refreshed as if I'd spent the night with my head stuffed into a rabbit-hole.

Still, there were compensations. It was exciting to organise things. I liked all those meetings. You know, I've got more than a bit of an appetite for them. My partners always told me I was so persuasive.

"People trust you, George," they used to say. Well, *I* don't see why they shouldn't? I'd never got anything to conceal, and it always seemed to me that our people wanted to do the sensible thing. We liked things to work well; we liked organisation to be smooth; we didn't like to see a lot of overlapping and wasted work and energy running to seed. By Jove! the number of things we tidied up! I still think we did a very good job of work. A job anybody or any group of people were right to be proud of. But I do see now that most of it fell on me. Not that my partners didn't work—don't make that mistake. They worked as hard as I did; but when it came to putting the thing over, explaining our ideas to other people, then I was always landed with the job.

Well, as I say, I liked it. It suited me. There's nothing quite so thrilling as to be able to persuade a whole bunch of people to do something sensible when half of them aren't high-powered enough mentally to understand the difference between sense and nonsense. It gives you a bit of a thrill, too, when you know you're addressing a board-room full of stupid and crooked people, to assume that you are really addressing a crowd of brilliantly intelligent and conspicuously honest folk. Time and again I've seen that work—that lay of mine. There are very few people who've got the courage in public to admit that they aren't honest or intelligent. You tell a man who's just a dumb-bell that his ideas are exactly the sort of thing you've been looking for. You tell a man who's about as near a crook as no matter that he's the type of person people would trust because they just know he couldn't do a wrong thing, and believe me, the nitwit and the almost-crook will try to live up to the character you've given them in public. It works every time. Why, I've deliberately set out to change a man's character over a period of years by meeting him in committees and round board-tables. I've always let him believe that he's thought of the good, sound, uplifting, honest ideas; and I've always given credit where no credit was due. That was my own particular technique of handling people.

It was a strain sometimes, I can tell you. You can't go on getting away with that sort of thing without a bit of wear and tear on your own powers of endurance and powers of persuasion. Still, I plugged away year after year, and always had my partners in the background patting me on the back and saying what a grand chap I was, and how the business depended on me.

It struck me at times that the business was depending on me a bit too much. I was so busy doing the job that I never seemed to have time to live. However, after I'd dropped the habit of sleeping for rather longer than was good for me, I took to consulting doctors. They all said the same thing: plenty of physical exercise; no work, and live in the country for at least six months. What a proposition for a man with my job!

But, you know, it's been a great relief. I can't tell you how I welcome the whole business. It has its inconveniences, naturally. But there, you can't have everything, and I never had any real leisure before. It's so nice to have a moment to sit back and think, and feel that you haven't got to put on a nice, agreeable manner and to keep on pretending that you're breathlessly interested in what a lot of people are saying to you. Half the secret of running any kind of business is to be able to listen to any kind of bore who turns up and likes talking. Patience is one of the major virtues in business, patience with egomaniacs. Pretending to be interested gets you down in time.

As I say, I needed a rest badly. I got to the point of not quite knowing what I was saying, signing, or dictating. But I'm cured now. And it hasn't cost me a penny—the cure, I mean. I suppose the circumstances would worry a lot of people; but if you've

(Concluded on page 184)

"Doctors all said 'Take a holiday or you'll crack'"

***Diann Stewart** is the name of the young woman who obligingly took off her clothes and brightened up a subject that would otherwise have been as dull as mud, namely, the Paso Robles Hot Springs in California. This spa, calling itself America's Baden-Baden, hopes to do well out of neuritic Americans who can't now get to Karlsbad, Homburg, Vichy and so on. Here Diann soaks in tula peat mud while imbibing lithia water*

"America's Baden-Baden"

A Pretty Girl Poses to Win Publicity for a Californian Spa

***After the lithia** comes a bath in natural sulphur water, both at 102°. Diann's predecessors at Paso Robles were Indians and Spanish padres who had discovered the springs' curative powers long before the 'Forty-Niners invaded California*

***After the mud** comes a soak in lithia water. This is the dissolved hydroxide of lithium, an alkali metal and No. 3 in the scale of elements. Its diuretic properties are somewhat exaggerated, but Paderewski found it helped his neuritis a lot in 1913*

***After the sulphur** the course is completed by massage, a bake in the Pacific sun on the roof, and a look at the papers to see what the doomed Europeans are doing. An alarm clock stands sentry against over-burning*

There is no black-out for beauty at 25, Old Bond Street, where Elizabeth Arden has collected these practical preparations. Her eye lotion is excellent for eyes strained by blue lights, and the bath preparations grouped above are specially planned for travelling and billets. Use her hand cream or Velva Liquid for your V.A.D. or canteen work

Fashion Communiqué

Going hatless is delightful in the summer, but not so good in winter when the wind whistles through your hair. Country classics like the model on the left from Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street, are very light to wear, but they do keep the cold away and they do not show the rain-spots. This hat costs 25s., in practically all shades; add a feather mount if you like a splash of colour. From the packer's point of view, scarves are the perfect Christmas present, and here there is a varied collection in woven or printed woollens

When it's uniform all day, you, and your friends, need a contrast in the evening. Long-sleeved, high-necked frocks, already firmly established for dining at home, are now sweeping into every restaurant in town. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have this graceful model for 12½ guineas in a fine black woollen material, cleverly draped over the hips and across the bodice. Lattice-work embroidery of bugles and silver beads accentuates the nipped-in waist. It is repeated on the gas-mask container, which looks like a bulky but effective evening bag

Mr Can't: 'I feel that life has let me down.'

Mr Can: 'That's because you don't let **Eno's** *set you up!'*

The difference between a calm cheery Mr Can and a jittery Mr Can't is quite simple.

Mr Can takes Eno's first thing every morning.

Away go the poisons from his bloodstream, the liver-spots from his eyes — that yawny, nervy, good-for-nothing feeling vanishes in a minute . . . If there is one sensible rule for wartime fitness it's this: keep your blood-stream clean and your nerves invigorated with a sparkling morning glass of Eno's!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

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● The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE German is cunning, admittedly, but no one could call him subtle. Thus, I am convinced that it is by the merest fluke that he has hit on the great No-Air-Raid strategy. You see, threats of air raids up and down the country—raids which have never materialised—have enforced upon us precautionary black-out measures which have exacted a far greater toll of human life than the raids themselves would have done.

In September 1938 road fatalities in this country totalled the comparatively modest, although sufficiently alarming, figure of 554. During the first month of the war, with its attendant black-out conditions, this figure was more than doubled, 1130 persons being killed. This figure is greater, I should say, than all our war losses in the Services in September added together. A grim reflection.

One bright spot in this welter of destruction is the City of Chester, where not a single road fatality has been reported since the start of the black-out.

Happy Birthday

To-day, November 8th, is Lord Austin's seventy-third birthday. He is chairman of the Austin Motor Company, has been thinking in terms of motors for nearly fifty years, is the father of the largest family of "Babies" in the world (the "Baby" Austins)

IN normal times I make it a rule never to refer to road casualties in my articles, as I believe, rightly or wrongly, that such references render a notable disservice to the motoring movement. But these are abnormal times. And motoring is being pursued under abnormally restrictive conditions. I suggest in all seriousness that it is high time the Ministries concerned ask themselves: "Is this not a case where the physician is more to be dreaded than the disease?"

I am not yet so cynical about the mentality of my fellow-drivers as to share the official view—at least, it appears to be the official view—that they cannot be relied upon to switch off their lights when an air raid warning is received. The new head-lamp masks certainly are a slight improvement on previous regulations, but they still leave much to be desired. Obviously we cannot afford to allow this accident rate to go on. Present motoring conditions being what they are, and the need for rigid petrol economy on the part of the motorist being what it is, there is no suggestion that excessive speed is responsible for this tragic increase in the number of road fatalities. Clearly it is restricted lighting which is to blame, and in my view some slackening of the existing regulations is an immediate necessity.

ALL who, in happier times, shared with me an enthusiasm for the sporting side of motoring will grieve to learn of the death of Laury Schell. He and his wife have long been grand supporters of racing on the Continent, and his Delahaye team was familiar to motor racegoers in this country, having participated in many Tourist Trophy races as well as in races at Brooklands.

A little over a year ago Schell met with a serious motoring accident on the road in France, and it was only recently that he really recovered completely from the consequences of it. A fortnight ago he again met with an accident, while motoring on the road at Sens. This time his injuries proved fatal, and Mme. Schell, who was with him in the car, was gravely hurt, but is said to be recovering. Schell, who was forty-five years of age, was of American parentage, but had lived so long in France that he had become to all intents and purposes a Frenchman.

MANY people seem to be in some doubt as to just how they stand in relation to hire-purchase agreements in respect of their cars entered into before the outbreak of war. Obviously there are thousands so placed who now find themselves in such altered financial circumstances that they are unable to continue the payments under their agreements, and they are wondering whether they are afforded any measure of protection under the recently announced legislation.

The R.A.C. has interested itself in their problem and has issued a statement in which it points out that the most important Act of Parliament affecting the position is the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1939, which came into force on September 2nd last. Under this Act, a judgment obtained, whether before or after September 2nd, 1939, cannot be enforced without the leave of the appropriate court. Another important clause in this Act provides that the owners—i.e., the finance company under a hire-purchase agreement—cannot repossess their property except with the leave of the appropriate court. Neither of these restrictions, of course, is applicable to hire-purchase agreements entered into *after* September 2nd.

The Act further provides that where the leave of the appropriate court is required, and the court is of the opinion that the person liable is unable to fulfil his obligations *by reason of circumstances directly or indirectly attributable to any war in which this country may be engaged*, the court may refuse leave or allow it, subject to such conditions as it thinks proper. Where a hirer cannot continue to pay the full instalments as a result of the outbreak of war, the Club advises that where an appreciable proportion of the total instalments has already been paid, the hirer should write to the owners (usually a finance company) offering to complete by reduced instalments proportionate to his means.

If only a small amount has been paid and the vehicle is no longer required, it can be returned to the owners, but in that event, under the agreement there may still be a sum payable to cover depreciation. If the hirer is able to pay something, probably his best course is to agree (before returning the vehicle) to a figure with the owners, payment of which will, with return of the car, discharge all the hirer's liabilities and terminate the agreement.

There will, of course, be many cases where the hirer has paid the major proportion of the total instalments and no longer requires the car. Here he is advised, if possible, to find a private purchaser who will pay enough to cover completion of the instalments at least, and, if possible, enough to provide a small margin of profit. But in such cases it is essential for the hirer to obtain the consent of the owners of the vehicle before sub-selling it in this manner.

Vacation *(Continued from page 180)*

spent a good many years persuading all kinds of folk to do things which they weren't intending to do—well, you get a different idea about what matters and what doesn't matter. All I know is that I was so dog-tired and weary and exhausted that the most refreshing and pleasant thing I'd heard for years was when I knew exactly where I was. I know everybody said how awful it must be for the chairman of a group of companies; but, believe it or not, after I'd sat for the best part of ten days in that stuffy court, the most stimulating words I'd ever heard in my life were those used by the judge when he gave me three years. "An enforced cessation of your deplorable activities," he said. Something like a rest cure, and I'm not paying a penny for it.

Is that all you wanted to know?

"I WISH," said the K.C., when, a little later, he discussed his client's statement with his Junior, "that I wasn't convinced that he was quite innocent. If I'd thought he was guilty we'd have got him off perhaps on a plea of insanity. I don't think we ought to appeal. The sentence might be increased."

His Junior smiled. "Honestly," he said, "I don't think he would mind if it was. He's innocent in a very thorough way. He's the only fraudulent company chairman I've ever heard of who seems to think of prison as a kind of nursing home, and who's positively looking forward to three years of it." [THE END.

Sending Papers Abroad

Many people have been in the habit, after reading their newspapers, of posting them to friends and relatives abroad, or of buying copies specially for that purpose.

Under the censorship regulations it is no longer possible to allow private individuals to post newspapers and periodicals to any of the countries on what is known as the censorable list. The reason for the prohibition is that printed matter affords easy opportunities of conveying information to enemy agents.

But there is no reason why you should stop sending British newspapers, and therefore the British point of view, to your friends abroad. All you have to do is to place a regular order direct with us or with a reputable newsagent. The newspapers will then be despatched on your behalf quicker than you yourself could send them off in peacetime.

The censorable countries are: Italy, Rumania, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Liechtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

There are special arrangements for posting letters and newspapers to members of the British Expeditionary Force. You can find out about them at any post office.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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BENTLEY

Bentley Motors (1931) Limited wish to state that, at the request of the Government, they have TEMPORARILY ceased to manufacture motor car chassis.

This has enabled the whole of their manufacturing resources to be devoted to Government work.

The Company are in a position to supply Bentley cars from stocks of cars completed and in process of completion at coachbuilders.

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129a Preston Hill, Kingsbury, near Harrow, Middlesex. *Telephone Arnold 2131*
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THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.1

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IN consequence of the necessity to economise in paper and transport during the war, newsagents will be unable to stock copies of THE BYSTANDER for casual sales as in normal times. Readers, therefore, in order to avoid disappointment are asked to co-operate by placing at once a firm order with their usual newsagent for regular delivery each week, and are urged to take this precaution now.

Those desiring to have THE BYSTANDER sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4. Subscription rates are given hereunder :—

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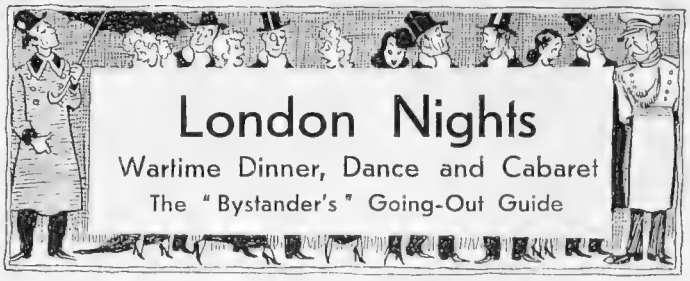


The May Fair

THERE is an atmosphere of effortless enjoyment at the May Fair these days. The ever-increasing lunch, dinner, and supper-dance population deposits its gas-masks and worries in the cloak-rooms, and proceeds to the good things that Ferraro has to offer. And these are good indeed, as any of Ferraro's many thousands of friends will tell you.

In the last war Ferraro was at the "Imperial Palace" down in the Strand, and it became a happy joke how he was able to take two meat ration-cards and produce what looked like, tasted like, satisfied like and magically was . . . a Chateaubriand steak. It is not likely that he has forgotten the arts of jugglery over the intervening years, and, should rationing be in by the time you read this, well, Ferraro's your man.

Congress dances at the May Fair

Sydney Kyte plays good music in the evenings. There will probably be an entertainer during an unmusical interval in a few days, and you don't have to go home till morning.

Lunch at the May Fair is almost an event in any case, and I do recommend that you give more than passing attention to the May Fair wine list. Don't be entirely preoccupied by the cold table and general menu without choosing a proper "wine with."

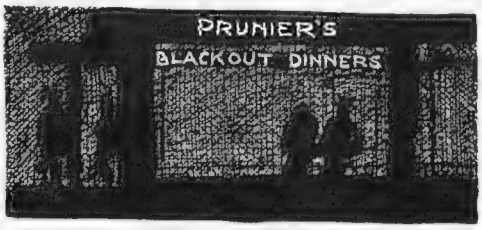
Prices are what you'd expect, and no more. That lounge leading into the restaurant is one of the nicest in London in which to meet your friends. And there is, again, Ferraro.

Prunier's

MADAME PRUNIER has got her licence through! The licence that allows her in these difficult times to import direct those luscious specialities that have made the name of Prunier a byword in gastronomy on both sides of the Channel. Go now for the Marennes, the frogs and the clams that are in high season. And the game, too, though most of that needs no licence, shot as it is in the noblest coverts of Norfolk or Hampshire. Remember the scollops for your "meatless days." Fish may escape the rationing restrictions imposed elsewhere. And, to return to the oysters for a moment, believe me, those Brittany fellows are plump and marvellous.

Two bits of news otherwise. Prunier's is now open on Sunday evenings again. And, every evening of the week you will find a Special Black-Out Dinner *au choix* at 10s. 6d. Four courses, including oysters or smoked salmon, a fish speciality, an entrée or roast with all the necessary garnishments, and a sweet or cheese to top off. That, on Prunier lines, is a superb half-guinea's worth and no mistake.

A la carte flourishes all the time with those who know their exact needs and the way Prunier's puts them up to perfection. Pierre presides, with Wally at the bar. There is a small bar all ready in the excellent air-raid shelter below. Part of the Prunier service. They think of everything there.



Topical feature of St. James's Street

The St. Regis

"Right dress" for bottles

THE world and his wife are already working out a beaten track to the door of the St. Regis, finding there inside most convenient and comfortable living quarters for a night or a week or a month or longer, in a single room, double, flat or suite. And from these people who stay there and find the restaurant in pursuit of their meals comes the main talk of the excellence of that section of it, too. It's a long, low, very comfortable room, opening off the lounge bar which opens off the street as you walk straight on and through from Burlington Arcade and Piccadilly.

Dini, or Boaradini, to give him his fuller and less-used name, does the honours in the restaurant and is a great asset. He knows about food, and cooking, and wines and serving, and he knows also how to make you feel at home and at the same time on the razzle. And that way greatness lies in the restaurant business.

Very soon after this appears in print, the St. Regis is putting on dancing for those many of its clients who ask for something to while away the black-out and accompany the joys of the cuisine. The band will be at the end of the room, and it is possible that, if popularity is great, a partition will be removed, and the whole room enlarged.

Our artist has not forgotten, and you certainly should not, the loaded trolley of drinks of all liqueur types that will be wheeled up to your table at the end of your meal. The presiding genius of the St. Regis used to be in the wine world, and he has collected rarities for your delectation.

Hatchett's

His first grouse for three years

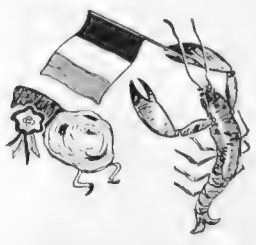
I HAD on my hands the other day a Scot who had been out in Mexico for three years. He wanted to celebrate his return with a roast grouse, so I took him to Hatchett's for his first nostalgic bird. It needed Boscasso's handling to make an October grouse perfect, and I was glad of my choice of restaurant.

That is a grace note. The news of the day is that Arthur Young is at Hatchett's from this evening onwards, playing for dancing. You 'll have heard, and heard of, him, and it is possible that you may have heard him perform on this magical new Novachord instrument that is going to be a feature of the New Melody Band. There are new ideas all through the set-up. Denis Moonan, Bill Shakespeare, Chappie D'Amato and Tony Spurgin complete the five. And there will be occasional surprise singers, guests and friends.

Music starts at 8 o'clockish, to allow *à la carte* diners to enjoy their usuals. Then the supper menu comes on, and 7s. 6d. is a remarkably good minimum charge for the rest of the evening; it includes a fine supper, and continuous dancing till 1 o'clock. There is *à la carte* also if you prefer it, and you can always get Boscasso to discuss your evening from the financial end, afterwards or before. He 's a great fixer.

Nice, interesting people come to Hatchett's already. The stage and arts know it of old, and they will be more at home than ever in this new evening atmosphere. The flowers, the sofa seats, the food, the wine, the ministrations of Boscasso. And now Arthur Young. Go.

La Coquille



Vive La France

YOU will be lucky if you find M. Pagès welcoming you to his restaurant in St. Martin's Lane these days. He does get round there occasionally, and he still very efficiently manages it by telephone when his military duties allow him a moment off. He went in the first days of the war, and, as I write this, he is still in London, working at the French Embassy; and long may he remain here, I say. Though I have little doubt that soon some French generals will hear that he is with the Colours, and insist that he look after their messing. If generals march on their stomachs, I am all for letting Pagès feed the most important of them.

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HOTEL

ACCOMMODATION — 175 Suites each having its own bathroom with shower, telephone, spacious wardrobes, luggage room and refrigerator. The beds are specially comfortable. Charges are very moderate.

SPECIAL TERMS. The following special weekly terms have been arranged for members of His Majesty's Services:
Single Suites - 3½ guineas
Double Suites - 4½ guineas

THE ST. REGIS RESTAURANT is famous for the excellence of its cuisine and cellar. In the Restaurant a 20% discount will be allowed to all officers in uniform.
"Dini," the famous maitre d'Hôtel, will look after you.

THE ST. REGIS COCKTAIL BARS are an ideal rendezvous.

There are two SQUASH COURTS.

An efficient bomb-proof shelter is provided for residents and guests.

On Tuesday, November 21st, Harry Boleno's Orchestra will play the best dance music in London. Reserve a table on November 21st and enjoy yourselves.

The
ST. REGIS HOTEL
Manager: Captain A. Birley, M.M.
CORK ST. & OLD BURLINGTON ST.
LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: REGENT 4030 (15 lines)

His hand, even from afar, is still very noticeable at La Coquille, and everything runs as smoothly as it ever did when he was bustling about in his own efficient premises. Three rooms, and the ground-floor level the most popular with the uniforms and smart ladies. The great of the literary and stage worlds still come here, and are not entirely outshone by the military uniforms yet.

Oysters, lobsters, fish of many sorts, omelettes of a perfection, and subtle sweets garnished with exotic liqueurs that make that world of difference. Crêpes suzette still explode into flame at your table, and the wines, by the glass, half-carafe and carafe, are still delicious, still cheap, and still exactly to the mood of the clientele. Lunch and dinners, and, if you like, you can make a meal at the bar in the ground-floor room. Service . . . well, that's something that Pagès trained before he went, and it never goes wrong.

The Shepherd's Tavern

Out in the wilds of Mayfair, cosily ensconced at the back of the Curzon Cinema, is a pub-cum-restaurant well worth your knowing. Shepherd's runs a long bar, with fair attendantes, and some comfortable arm-chairs for the talkative drinkers round the walls. A small flight of stairs past the sedan-chair-telephone-booth (not quite big enough for me now that I tote a gas-mask), and you come to a restaurant far above pub standards. Fine food, clean linen, modern lighting, a careful wine list and moderate prices, between straight pub and Mayfair, though the service and all is Mayfair pure and simple. About a dozen tables, well occupied for lunch and dinner. The Services seem to know about it, and the stage and screen has known of it for ages.

Screen and stage enter a "tavern"

Mr. Tomsett is the manager, and he runs it smoothly and much to the liking of his many friends and clients. The latter are apt to become the former after a short while. Mr. Tomsett has many stage and screen contacts, and is a pleasant host. He knows at first hand that your glamorous star doesn't want caviare all the time, but does like to know of somewhere she can come for a late lunch of Irish stew and cheese. Every day at lunch there is some simple special of that kind, and it finds many takers.

Drop in one lunchtime to the Shepherd's, and just see where it is and what Mr. Tomsett can do. Then in the black evenings you 'll know which door to push. The Shepherd's black-out system these days defies the nosiest warden.

The New Queen's Brasserie

There is a type of almost undergraduate good cheer and hilarity to be found in the New Queen's Brasserie after dinner-time that is unparalleled elsewhere in London that I know of. It is most refreshing for those frequent moments when one feels that this is the only answer to wartime Blues. Beer is the most usual concomitant of simple and large dishes, be they mixed grills, steaks, savouries, or for the ladies, perhaps, salads and egg dishes. You will be inclined to stay on after your dinner and listen to Java's Band playing till a good late hour. You will probably start singing with the others when one or other of the old tunes is being fiddled for song. You will have no grumble about the prices at the end, and you will pass out into the darkness feeling better than for a long while.

Lunch is slightly more sedate, because Java is not inciting you to sing. But the food is as good, and the beer and the service. Yes, wines of all types on demand. And a plethora of good dishes, of Continental or home persuasions. And pretty girls, and uniforms of all sorts, and tables which all seem to be blessedly in corner-nooks. A good bolt-hole from the troubles around, and highly recommended by all and sundry, including myself.

You will find a couple of good bars, one up-stairs and one down. At the latter, Charles is in charge; see if you can get him to talk about his circus days.

EDAX.

Beer in chorus

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Catherine Bell

Unity Louise McCaughey

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. McCaughey, of Coree, Jerilderie, N.S.W., Australia, and granddaughter of Lady Dunhill, of 54, Harley Street, W.1; her fiancé is Murray Theodore Pheils, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Pheils, of 92, Newhall Street, Birmingham

Catherine Bell

Angie De Walterstorff

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold De Walterstorff, of 21, Draycott Avenue, S.W.3; her fiancé is Robin Hamlin Hill Archer, elder son of the late Neville Hill Archer, and Mrs. Hill Archer, of 49, Elizabeth Street, S.W.1

Catherine Bell

Valerie Drake-Brockman

Is engaged to Lieut. Arthur Michael Lee, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lee, of Petersfield, Hants. She is the daughter of Major Wallace Drake-Brockman and Mrs. Margaret Drake-Brockman, of Rogate, West Sussex, is an artist, and had a show of her pictures at the Wertheim Galleries in June

Catherine Bell

Margaret Field-Hart

Margaret Patricia Field-Hart, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Field-Hart, of Hayes Court, Middlesex, is to marry Pilot Officer R. G. Manlove, son of the late J. Swailes Manlove, and Mrs. Manlove, of Tunbridge Wells

Bassano

Olwen Crawshay-Williams

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. E. Crawshay-Williams and Mrs. C. H. Alison, of 7, Montpelier Terrace, S.W.7; she announced her engagement in September to Jasper Peck, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Peck, of 2, St. James's Place, Brighton

Hay Wrightson

Elizabeth Everard

Julia Elizabeth Everard, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Everard, of Bardon Hill House, Leicestershire, is engaged to Michael Charles Stirling Halford, of The White House, West Bridgford, Notts., elder son of Major and Mrs. L. R. Halford

Wendy Diana Craven-Veitch

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Craven-Veitch, of St. Neots, Hunts., and is engaged to John Marshall Pullan, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Greaves Pullan, of Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire

Pearl Freeman

Cicely Cassandra Coke

Is the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. D'Ewes Coke, of Trusley, Derbyshire, and St. Albans Priory, Wallingford. Her fiancé is Captain Richard George Muir, Royal Signals, only son of the late George M. S. Muir, and Mrs. Muir, of Parkstone, Maybury, Surrey

Lenare

Marguerite Faulkner-Horne

Is engaged to Keith Somes Hollebone, of 61, Cadogan Square, S.W.1. She is the only child of Mrs. Faulkner-Horne, of Shappen Farm, Burley, Hants., has published three books on riding and ponies

Lenare

Judith Corcoran

Is the daughter of the late Sir John Corcoran, and Lady Corcoran, of 62, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7. She is engaged to Lieut.-Com. George Whitfield, R.N., of Modreeny, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary

Erik

Jean Robertson

Jean Fercleith Maxwell Robertson, only daughter of Air Commodore and Mrs. E. D. M. Robertson, of Tain, Ashstead, Surrey, became engaged last month to Flt.-Lt. Howard Burton, youngest son of the late Major L. Burton and Mrs. Burton, of Rynnville, Bray, Eire

Vandyk

Evelyn Bradshaw

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bradshaw, of the Grange, Steeple Aston, Oxon. She announced her engagement a month ago to Bryan Burletson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Burletson, of Silksworth Hall, Co. Durham

Getting Married

(Continued from page A)

Lenare

Beryl Stuart Johnson

Is engaged to John G. S. Hobson, younger son of Col. and Mrs. G. W. Hobson, of Cornhill, Pattishall, Towcester, Northants. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton, Cheshire

Cannons of Hollywood

Juliet Mary Acland

Is the second daughter of Sir William and Lady Acland, of Barnes Wood, Welwyn, Herts. She is engaged to Peter Robert Tabor, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tabor, of the Vineyards, Welwyn. She is seventeen this year and was presented at Court in the spring by her mother

L. n.

Anne Brownrigg

Announced her engagement in October to John Earl Scotland, elder son of Paymaster-Captain and Mrs. Scotland, of Whin Coltage, Beaconsfield, Bucks. She is the only daughter of Admiral Sir Studholme and Lady Brownrigg, of Admiralty House, Chatham

Lenare

Elizabeth Anne Townsend

Elizabeth Townsend, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. C. S. Townsend, of Knighton, Radnor, is engaged to Lieut. John Louis Woollcombe, R.N., eldest son of Admiral and Mrs. L. C. S. Woollcombe, of Fawns, Ermington, Devon

Yevonde

Violet MacLellan

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. MacLellan, of Millburn House, Ashgill, Lanarkshire. She is engaged to Capt. Robert Macrae, Seaforth Highlanders, only son of the late R. F. S. Macrae, of Orpher, Orkney, and Mrs. Macrae

Fayer

Lillian Power

Is the youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Power, of Newlands Manor, Lymington, Hants.; her fiancé is Dr. Paul Vankleeck Kingston, M.D., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan Kingston, of Van., Canada

Diana Elliot

Diana Elliot is the daughter of Mr. T. R. B. Elliot, of Clifton Park, Kelso, Scotland, and the late Mrs. Elliot, and will be married in Singapore early next year to Hugh Taylor, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. G. Taylor, of Chipchase Castle, Wark, Northumberland

An October wedding was that of Reginald James Woodroffe, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Alban James Woodroffe, of White Ley, Rhode Hill, Lyme Regis, and Aileen Allan, elder daughter of the late Arthur Campbell Allan, and Mrs. Allan, of 37, Upper Brook Street, W.1

Lenar

Mrs. Reginald Woodroffe

Lenare

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Philips

Norman Philips, only son of the late Brig.-Gen. L. F. Philips, and Mrs. Philips, of Hill Grove, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and Elizabeth Barclay, daughter of the Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Barclay, of Tittleshall, Norfolk, were married in September. Her father has recently been appointed Private Chaplain to the King at the Royal Chapel, Windsor

Keighley—Forbes-Robertson

Frederick Herbert Vernon Keighley, son of the late Lt.-Col. Vernon Keighley, and Mrs. Keighley, of Redesdale, Cheltenham, married Brigit Margaret Forbes-Robertson, daughter of the late Capt. Keith Forbes-Robertson, and of Lady Dunlop, of Sandleford Grove, Newbury, at Greenham

Toogood—Osgood

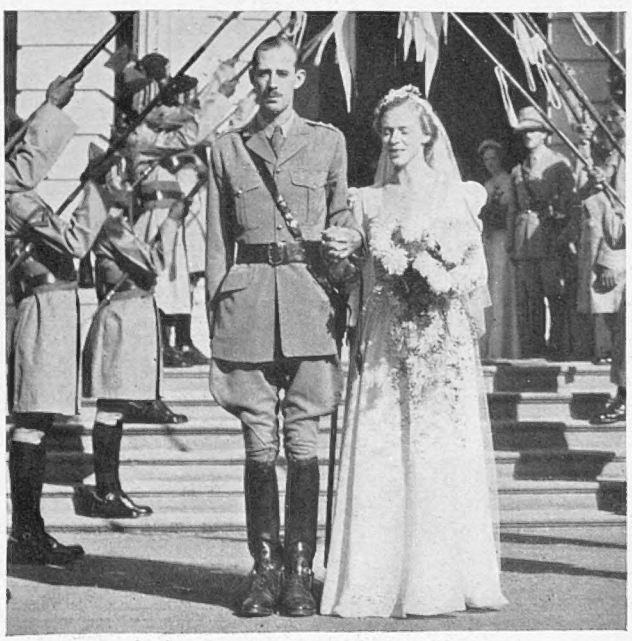
James Arthur Seymour Toogood, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Toogood, of Clownstown, Winchester, Hants., and Elizabeth Osgood, younger daughter of Sir Stanley and Lady Osgood, of Child's House, Nutley, Surrey, were married at All Saints', St. John's Wood

Wheeler—Mayou

Michael Mortimer Wheeler, only son of Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler, of 108, Park Street, W.1, and the late Mrs. Tessa Verney Wheeler, and Sheila Mayou, daughter of the late Marmaduke Stephen Mayou, and Mrs. Mayou, of 70, Portland Court, W.1, married at Holy Trinity, Marylebone

de Carteret—King

Philip Edward Vincent de Carteret, only son of Mr. and Mrs. V. de Carteret, of Exmouth, Devon, and Maureen Eva Ponsonby King, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. King, of Darley Mount, Meads, Eastbourne, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Hawson—Marsdon

A wedding in New Delhi last month was that between John Murray Hawson, 6th D.C.O. Lancers, son of Lt.-Col. G. Hawson, Mayo College, Ajmer, and the late Mrs. Hawson, and Esmé Joan Marsdon, daughter of Col. R. M. W. Marsdon, Deputy-Engineer-in-Chief, and Mrs. Marsdon

Woodbridge—Dewar

At All Saints', St. Paul's Walden, Herts., Robert Algernon Peter Woodbridge married Alison Susannah Dewar. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woodbridge, of Rivers Lodge, Harpenden, Herts.; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dewar, of Stagenhoe Park, Hitchin

Subtle stripes are two-toned in wool jersey to make a Cardigan Suit for the larger woman. The squared shoulders help to accentuate a concealed hipline. It fits so perfectly you can wear it without the belt. Wine/clover, Brown/beige, Navy/saxe, Black/grey. Hips 40, 42, 44 ins. 6 gns.

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Harrods Ltd
London SW1

UP THE SPOUT

"Your name and college, Sir?"

"*Digby, Sir. St. Marks.*"

"I watched your recent exploit, Mr. Digby — it had a certain element of daring."

"*Yes, Sir.*"

"But no element of originality."

"*No, Sir.*"

"It will be necessary to send workmen up in the morning to remove the object — not without some danger to life and limb."

"*Yes, Sir.*"

"From your appearance and your manner, Mr. Digby, I assume that you are celebrating some event of great importance — some outstanding academic achievement no doubt."

"*Yes, Sir.*"

"H'm — my advice, sir, is that you retire to bed immediately, having first taken a long draught of Rose's Lime Juice. Its therapeutic effects may help you to face the wrath to come in the morning."

"*Thank you, Sir.*"

"And by the way — I notice you chose the long way up. Actually there is a shorter way. I remember in '88 or was it '89 — H'm — H'm. Good night."

"*Good night, Sir.*"

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

PADDY

Here indeed is the whisky par excellence — pure old Irish, uniform in quality at home and abroad and bottled only by the distillers.
You can ask for "Paddy" with confidence.

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Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
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ready for immediate wear
or made to measure in 48 hours

Full Equipment, boots, shirts, camp kit, field glasses, etc.

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During the winter months most of our staff will be leaving an hour before "blackout" time to enable them to get home with safety. There will always be a small number of competent assistants remaining until our usual closing time for customers who cannot conveniently shop in daylight.

Craven 'A'

for your throats sake!

THERE is a touch of quality about Craven 'A' that you will appreciate at once. And these cork-tipped cigarettes are consistently satisfying because they are made to an unvarying standard of excellence. Smoke as many as you will — you can rely on the fact that they never affect the throat.

10 *for* **7p** **20** *for* **1/2**

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Carreras Ltd. 150 years' Reputation for Quality